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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

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DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 161—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

The Inauguration.

Next Monday at noon Colonel William P. Clarke will be inaugurated as Mayor of Newport and the new city charter will go into full effect. The old city council will meet at 11.30 and after transacting the business necessary to close the year will adjourn sine die.

The new representative council of 185 members will meet in the old council chamber and will be sworn in by City Clerk Stevens. The body will then organize by the election of a chairman and city clerk and will discuss the rules. A full set of rules has been formulated by the committee of 15 in preparation for the meeting. It is probable that adjournment will be taken until evening for the election of city officers, although the council may sit until their business has been completed.

The desks and chairs have been removed from the council chamber and chairs will be provided for the accommodation of the large council. New candidates are constantly appearing for the various offices and if a majority is required to elect there will doubtless be long drawn out battles for some of the offices.

There was a meeting of the Citizens Business Association on Wednesday evening when the matter of widening Thames street was brought up for discussion. It was said that an attempt should be made at this time to widen Thames street from Swan avenue to Long wharf before the new building of Joseph Haire goes up. It appeared that while the owner of the building was willing to co-operate in the widening, the lessees were not willing and a committee was appointed to confer with them. The committee consists of Henry Ball, Jr., J. Allen Barker, William E. Brightman and S. F. Tuner. A petition will be circulated for signatures asking for a widening of the street and this will be presented to the new city government.

Mr. R. J. Anderton, of Newport and Pawtucket, has purchased the fishing steamer Seven Brothers from the Fisheries Company and will engage in fishing off Newport next season.

Messrs. Harry Alger and Leonard Pike have returned from their vacation, which was spent in New York, Washington and other cities.

Mr. Clarence Alger, now in the navy, has rejoined his ship at Philadelphia after spending a vacation in this city.

The New Year.

The dawn of the new year of 1907 was greeted with a prodigious noise from all the steam whistles in the harbor. On the stroke of twelve Monday night the tug boats let loose their powerful steam whistles and for the next few minutes it seemed as if something had happened. To the person awakened from a sound sleep it was startling at least. Some were totally at a loss to understand what was the cause of the commotion until the soft chimes of the church bells could be faintly heard, and then it was realized that a salute was being rendered to the new year.

A number of watch meetings had been planned for New Year's eve at the various churches and if the weather had been even fairly good there would probably have been a large attendance. But the pouring rain that fell during the entire evening discouraged all but the most enthusiastic so that the attendance was much smaller than had been hoped for. Still the services were held as planned and although the programmes had to be amended slightly in some instances on account of absentees they were very generally successful. There were several gatherings of a semi-public nature on New Year's eve for the purpose of watching out the old year.

The regular meeting of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., fell on Monday evening so the members decided to observe the occasion. There was an attendance of nearly 100 persons. An elaborate program had been arranged and included a number of selections by the Weber Quartet of Boston. District Deputy Grand Master Davis of Providence was present and inspected the work.

After the business was over the members of the lodge and their guests proceeded to the banquet hall where an excellent dinner had been served by Mr. F. S. Wignall of the Perry House. The tables were very attractively decorated and electrical decorations played a prominent part. When the clock announced the birth of the new year the electrical figures "1906" melted into "1907" and the quartet sang a welcome song.

The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company was held on New Year's night at the new armory which has just been made ready for use. It was not merely the annual social function of the company but this year it partook of the nature of a housewarming for most of the guests had never before had an opportunity to inspect the company's quarters since they were rebuilt after the fire. In spite of the very disagreeable weather there was a large attendance and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

The Seventh Artillery Orchestra gave a promenade concert from 8 to 9.30, and then the grand march was formed, Lieutenant Colonel E. F. Cooper led the march with Mrs. Frank P. King. Dancing continued until an early hour of the morning. A supper was served at midnight.

New Railroad Station.

A Newport delegation paid a visit to Boston on Thursday and had a consultation with President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad about a new railroad station for this city. The delegation comprised the special committee from the City Council and the committee appointed by the Citizens' Business Association. They carried with them the petition for a new station which had been circulated around town some months ago and received many signatures. This petition was afterward presented to the city council and was referred to a special committee.

The committee presented the petition to President Mellen and explained to him what the city wants. In return, President Mellen showed what Newport must do to co-operate with the Company if it expects the railroad to bring its terminal facilities up to a high plane. The members of the delegation are not talking much about the result of their trip, leaving that to be revealed by the report which they will submit to the representative council at its first meeting next week. It is understood, however, that the railroad is ready to give Newport the accommodations that it wants in the immediate future upon certain not very arduous terms.

The deeds have been passed for the transfer of the Langley wharf property to the Gardiner B. Reynolds Company from the Langley heirs. The purchasers will make radical improvements to the property.

The marriage of Miss Sara Schreier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schreier, and Mr. Samuel Silberger, will take place at Warren Post Hall on Sunday, January 20th, at high noon.

Mr. William H. Langley is able to be out after his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. DeLancy Kane have postponed their trip abroad.

City Council.

The last meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening when the final business of the year was cleaned up. Considerable important business was transacted and other matters were referred to the incoming council.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Asylum,	$ 53 65
Books, Stationery and Printing,	91 23
Fire Department,	1,575 69
Board of Health,	1,542 22
Incidentals,	105 03
Indexing and Preserving Records,	132 05
Lighting Streets,	2,528 52
Poor Department,	311 51
Police, last month,	813 55
Police, this month,	855 19
Public Buildings,	349 28
Public Parks,	1,743 30
Public Schools,	12,151 91
Streets and Highways,	2,217 84
Ward Meetings,	1,086 92
Miscellaneous Burial Ground Funds,	258 50
Easton Burial Ground Fund,	60 75
Coggeshall Burial Ground Fund,	30 75
Burial Grounds,	60 00
Headstones,	277 20
A. Touro Fund,	440 07
Judah Touro Fund,	20 00
Dog Fund,	82 00
	$27,176 02

On recommendation of the committee on finance, a resolution was passed directing the city solicitor to apply to the General Assembly for an amendment to chapter 1278 of the Public Statutes, authorizing the city of Newport to hire money in anticipation of the receipt of taxes, by directing that the money be hired under the direction of the Board of Aldermen instead of under the direction of the joint committee on finance. Also a resolution amending a previous resolution so that $80,000 can be hired during the month of January. Also a resolution for transfer of the unexpended balance from the State tax appropriation as follows: For coupons, $800; fire department, $744.27; police department, $2,038.27; health department, $921.21; salaries, $165.02; land and other damages, $3,540.60; ward meetings, $2,105.03. Also a resolution directing the city treasurer to transfer a balance from the surplus sinking fund account to the specific sinking fund accounts.

A resolution was passed directing the payment of $400 to Kirwin Brothers for injuries to Alice Geraghty, they to sign a release to the city of all claim for damages. The city treasurer was authorized to draw not exceeding $2400 from the income of the Touro Synagogue fund in the hands of the State treasurer to pay bills. On recommendation of the committee on public property the matter of renewal of the lease of Easton's Beach was referred to the next city government.

An ordinance was passed giving the Newport & Fall River Street Railway permission to carry freight. The police ordinance was amended so that the pay of retired policemen shall be based on the present pay of the force and not on the pay at the time of their retirement.

On the petition of Kate Birckhead for the acceptance of a passage through her property on Mary street as a public highway, the committee on streets and highways reported that it had no jurisdiction and the board of aldermen laid the resolution on the table. A resolution granting permission to the Western Union Telegraph Company to lay an underground conduit from its main office to William street was granted, and a petition from the Old Colony Street Railway Company for extension of its pole line on Cranston avenue was referred to the chief of the fire department with power to act.

On recommendation of the committee on street lights an arc light was authorized on Friendship and Hope streets and a gas light on Colonial street. A resolution was passed accepting $100 for the care of the William J. Thomas burial lot. Resolutions were passed directing the repayment of $21.60 in taxes to James Corrigan and $120 to the estate of William J. Underwood.

The fire department ordinance was amended increasing the pay of the assistant engineers $25 a year, and the pay of the permanent men 25 cents an hour.

A resolution was passed, directing the city solicitor to prepare a deed from the city to the Old Colony Railroad Company, the successor of the Newport & Fall River Railroad Company, of the lands acquired by it under the act of the legislature at the January session, 1860, and the agreement with the city of January, 1862, and that the city treasurer be authorized to sign the same in behalf of the city. A resolution was passed to pay the board of aldermen $1.00 an hour for the time spent in counting the ballots at the municipal election.

A resolution to pay the salaries of J. W. Horton and John H. Wetherell as police commissioners for the year ending February 1, 1905, was laid on the table. A petition from the Second Baptist Society for the city to release its interest in the parsonage of the church in order that it may be sold in preparation for building another parsonage elsewhere was referred to the new government. The resolution to allow Inspector of Plumbing Robert L. Oman $150 for horse hire caused much discussion but it was finally passed. The telephone contract which was intended to be signed in July, 1905, was referred to the new government, after Councilman Donnelly had explained that the committee was in no way to blame for the delay.

A petition for improvements to Elwood place and Friendship street was referred to the committee on streets and highways. The Old Colony Street Railway Company stated that it proposed to erect waiting rooms at One Mile Corner and at Morton Park and petitioned for permission to locate its lower waiting room inside the park. The petition was referred to the park commission. All unfinished business was referred to the new city government.

The board of aldermen referred back to the appraiser the claim of Richard J. Lawton for damages by dogs to hens, geese and rabbits.

The usual resolutions of thanks were extended to the officers and clerks.

The funeral of Mr. Edward P. Marsh took place from his late residence on Cranston avenue Monday morning and was largely attended. Rev. George W Quick, D. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church, officiated, assisted by Rev. Frank Rector, D. D., of Pawtucket, a former pastor of the old Second Baptist Church. The choir of the church, consisting of Miss Cora Gosling, Mrs. Henry H. Smith, Mr. J. Frank Albro and Mr. Karl Stone, sang "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest" and "Jesus, Still Lead on Till Our Rest Be Won." The bearers were Messrs. T. Mumford Seabury, John S. Langley, George B. Smith, James G. Albro, William B. Franklin, William P. Carr, Benjamin B. Coggeshall and Richard H. Freeborn, fellow deacons of the deceased in the Second Baptist Church. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

William R. Hearst is somewhat persistent. He opened the new year by presenting to the Attorney General an application for a re-argument on his petition for leave to begin quo warranto proceedings to test the title of Mayor McClellan. He is still trying to be mayor of New York.

Dr. F. Jerome Davis, who has been in the West for some time past, paid a visit to friends in this city on Sunday. He is at present located in Boston, where he has already established a large practice, devoting much time to the cure of tuberculosis.

Mr. Pardon S. Kauil, of Chicago, is spending a short time in Newport, his former home. Mr. Kauil submitted to an operation some time ago and although considerably improved in health he is still far from strong.

Mrs. William J. Allan of the Probate Clerk's Office has returned from Shelter Island, N. Y., where she has been attending the wedding of her uncle, Mr. Louis Gladding, which took place on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Thomas J. Emery has given $100,000 as an endowment for the Cincinnati Art Museum, in memory of her husband. It is given on condition that Saturday be made a "free admission" day.

Mrs. William S. Bachelier, formerly of this city, but now of Providence, has returned home, after spending the holidays with her son, Mr. Robert C. Bachelier.

Rev. Dr. E. A. Johnson and family received a leather wallet, with a sum of gold, for a New Year's gift, from the congregation of the First Baptist Church.

Mr. Harold D. Riffion, who has been connected with the local telephone office, has been transferred to the Pawtucket office.

Mrs. M E. Buttrick has been entertaining her son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant and Mrs. James T. Buttrick.

Dr. William T. Bull and his son returned to New York Wednesday, after spending a few days in this city.

Mrs. Eugene Schreier and Miss Schreier have returned from an extended visit to Norfolk, Va.

Councilman M. J. Murphy has been in Canada the past week attending the funeral of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kirby have been entertaining Mrs. Clarence Clarke of Worcester, Mass.

Miss Maud Harrington has returned to New York after visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. William B. Child made a business trip to New York the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Knowe, of Chicago, have been visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. Erastus P. Allen has been confined to his home by illness.

Miss Hannah Stacy is convalescent after her recent illness.

Capt. Benjamin Tallman has sold out his fishing business.

Recent Deaths.

Miss Flora M. Braman.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Braman have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their eldest daughter, Miss Flora M. Braman, who died at her residence on Farewell street on Saturday of last week, after an illness of considerable duration, during which time she had been most patient. When she was first taken ill, her parents were hopeful of her recovery, but as time went on her sickness assumed a more serious aspect. Her parents were constantly with her during her illness and kind and loving hands were ever ready to administer to her every want, but she gradually grew weaker, finally passing away quietly and peacefully.

Miss Braman was well known in this city, where she had many friends. She was of a very pleasant disposition and was deeply attached to her home and family, where her loss is most keenly felt.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon from her parents' residence on Farewell street and were attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends. Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., rector of Emmanuel Church, officiated and read the impressive ritual of the Episcopal faith. There were many beautiful floral offerings, testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. The bearers were Messrs. Packer Braman, Harold R. Chase, Willard B. Chase, and Charles S. Plummer, Jr. The interment was in the Braman cemetery.

Miss Mary V. Ronayne.

Miss Mary V. Ronayne died at Dr. Darrah's sanitarium on Warner street on Saturday last, after a short illness. She was taken sick Wednesday night and was removed to the hospital on Thursday, where she was operated on for an abscess. Peritonitis followed and she passed away Saturday morning. Miss Ronayne had a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances and was well liked by all who knew her. She was an assistant bookkeeper for the Boston Store, having been employed there about 8 years. She was her widowed mother's helpmate and her loss is irreparable in her home. She was a member of St. Mary's Church and was also a member of the Blessed Virgin Sodality of that church and orator of the Catholic Women's Benevalent Legion.

Besides her mother two brothers and a sister survive her: Messrs. Thomas and John Ronayne and Mrs. Alfred R. C. Gutzenmeier, to whose home on Everett street the body was removed.

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church Tuesday morning, when the church was filled with relatives and friends. Rev. Father Meenan celebrated the solemn high mass, assisted by Father Reddy as deacon and Father Tierney as sub-deacon. Mr. Thomas B. Connolly sang "Only Waiting." The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The bearers were Bernard McGary, Robert W. Danahy, Cornelius C. Moore, Edward Keating, Thomas F. Martin and Dr. Carroll. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.

Thomas F. McCormick.

Mr. Thomas F. McCormick, eldest son of Julia and the late Thomas McCormick, of this city, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday of last week. He was in the employ of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company at the time of his death. In his younger days he worked for the G. B. Reynolds Company in this city. A widow and family survive him; also his mother and a brother, Mr. W. J. McCormick of this city.

The body was brought to Newport and funeral services held from St. Mary's Church Tuesday morning. Father Reddy officiated, assisted by Father Meenan and Father Tierney; Fathers Craig and Fahey of Providence were also present within the sanctuary. Mr. J. J. Butler sang Calvary. The bearers were Roger McCormick, John J. Butler, J. J. Cassidy, William C. O'Neill, John Kelleher and J. G. Costello. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.

Mrs. Philip LaForge.

Mrs. Harriet Greer LaForge, wife of Mr. Philip LaForge, died at her home, the "LaForge Cottage," Touro Park West, on Sunday morning after an illness of about two months, having suffered a shock in October, at which time she was taken to the Newport Hospital. Her condition improved so much that she was able to be brought to her home, but soon after had several ill turns. At one time she and her sister conducted a fashionable boarding house on Bellevue avenue, known as the Club Cottage, and later she and her husband opened the LaForge Cottage. She had obtained an enviable reputation as a hostess. Her constant endeavor and untiring efforts to maintain the high standard of her house had so worn upon her that she easily succumbed to disease. Some years ago she was a member of Trinity church choir and had rendered valuable assistance to that church at various times.

Mrs. LaForge was the youngest daughter of the late James and Jane Greer. Besides her husband, three sisters and two brothers survive her: Mrs. J. C. Boynton of this city, Mrs. J. P. Finkle of Seattle, Wash., and Mrs. G. Fantini of Savannah, Ga., and Mr. James Greer of New York and Mr. John Greer of this city.

Funeral services were held from her late residence Wednesday morning, Rev. Walter Lowrie, rector of Trinity church, officiating. The services, which were private, were of a simple and impressive nature. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The bearers were Messrs. William T. Libby, Samuel Kesson, H. Howard Barker and James S. Hazard. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Wedding Bells.

Gladding-Case.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Annie J. Case, at Shelter Island, N. Y., on New Year's morning, when her daughter, Miss Alma Jennings Case, was married to Mr. Louis Arnold Gladding of this city. The bride was dressed in white and wore the customary bridal veil. Her bouquet was of Bride roses. Her sister, Miss Helen Case, was the bridesmaid and wore a gown of gray, carrying a bouquet of pink roses. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Albert E. Brown of this city. The ceremony, which was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends, was performed by Rev. Jacob Wallman of Shelter Island. The bride was the recipient of many pretty gifts.

Mr. Charles G. Case acted as usher, and Miss Florence Worthington played the wedding marches.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladding left in the afternoon for New York city, where they spent their honeymoon. They will reside in this city, Mr. Gladding being in the employ of the Newport Herald. They will be at home after January 12th at No. 2 Third street.

Miller-Hayes.

Miss Anatasia Z. Hayes, daughter of Mrs. Delia Hayes, was married to Mr. Adolphus A. Miller, at St. Mary's rectory, Wednesday evening, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The bride wore a dress of accordion pleated cream batiste and a picture hat of white. She carried a bouquet of Bride's roses. Miss Mary Hayes, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. Her dress was of light blue albatross, with lace trimmings. She wore a picture hat and carried pink carnations. Mr. Edward Toomey performed the duties of best man.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's mother on Dennison street, where the many beautiful wedding gifts were shown to the large number present.

An Old Subscriber.

CHELSEA, MASS.,
Jan. 3, 1907.

DEAR SIR:—

I enclose two dollars for the MERCURY for another year. This makes the fifty-fourth year it has been received at my house and I don't feel as though I could do without it.

Yours truly,
JAMES LAWTON.

Mrs. Forbes Curtis and Mr. Damon Lyon were married at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, New York, Thursday afternoon. The bride wore a travelling dress of grey broadcloth and a small hat. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Potter, assisted by Canon Jones. An informal reception was held at the bride's apartments, No. 262 West Forty-third street. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon are both members of the theatrical profession. Mrs. Lyon is a daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Ward Francis, of this city, and a niece of the late Ward McAllister and of Dr. V. Mott Francis. She is also a niece of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The weather of the past few days has not been much like the first of January. The warm wet days have been more like April.

Captain George F. Cottrell and Captain B. Frank Macomber of Tiverton have been in the city this week on business.

Mr. C. W. Powers of Gloucester was in the city on Thursday to attend the dinner of the Hatchet Club.

Captain Charles Gray and Captain Isaac Gray of Tiverton Four Corners are in Newport on business.

Rev. Ralph B. Pomeroy spent several days in Newport the past week.

Mr. John Gilda is confined to his home on Jim street by illness.

The public schools re-opened Wednesday morning.

Miss Rose Grosvenor has returned to New York.

The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE best moments of a man's life are the moments when, strong in himself, he feels that the world lies before him. Gratified ambition may be the summer, but anticipation is the ardent springtime of a man's career.

As Loder drove that night from Fleet street to Grosvenor square he realized this, though scarcely with any degree of consciousness, for he was no accomplished self analyst. But in a wave of feeling too vigorous to be denied he recognized his regained foothold—the step that lifted him at once from the pit to the pinnacle.

In that moment of realization he looked neither backward nor forward. The present was all sufficing. Difficulties might loom ahead, but difficulties had but one object—the testing and sharpening of a man's strength. In the first deep surge of egotistical feeling he almost rejoiced in Chilcote's weakness. The more Chilcote tangled the threads of his life the stronger must be the fingers that unraveled them. He was possessed by a great impatience. The joy of action was stirring in his blood.

Leaving the cab, he walked confidently to the door of Chilcote's house and inserted the latchkey. Even in this small act there was a grain of individual satisfaction. Then very quietly he opened the door and crossed the hall.

As he entered, a footman was arranging the fire that burned in the big grate. Seeing the man, he halted.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked in unconscious repetition of his first question in the same house.

The man looked up. "She has just finished dinner, sir. She dined alone in her own room." He glanced at Loder in the quick, uncertain way that was noticeable in all the servants of the household when they addressed their master. Loder saw the look and wondered what depth of curiosity it betrayed, how much of insight into the domestic life that he must always be content to skim. For an instant the old resentment against Chilcote tinged his exaltation, but he swept it angrily aside. Without further remark he began to mount the stairs.

Gaining the landing, he did not turn, as usual, to the door that shut off Chilcote's rooms, but moved onward down the corridor toward Eve's private sitting room. He moved slowly till the door was reached. Then he paused and lifted his hand. There was a moment's wait while his fingers rested on the handle; then a sensation he could not explain, a reticence, a reluctance to intrude upon this one precinct, caused his fingers to relax. With a slightly embarrassed gesture he drew back slowly and retraced his steps.

Once in Chilcote's bedroom, he walked to the nearest bell and pressed it. Renwick responded, and at sight of him Loder's feelings warmed with the same sense of fitness and familiarity that the great bed and somber furniture of the room had inspired.

But the man did not come forward as he had expected. He remained close to the door with a hesitation that was unusual in a trained servant. It struck Loder that possibly his stolidity had exasperated Chilcote and that possibly Chilcote had been at no pains to conceal the exasperation. The idea caused him to smile involuntarily.

"Come into the room, Renwick," he said. "It's uncomfortable to see you standing there. I want to know if Mrs. Chilcote has sent me any message about tonight."

Renwick studied him furtively as he came forward. "Yes, sir," he said. "Mrs. Chilcote's maid said that the carriage was ordered for 10:15, and she hoped that would suit you." He spoke reluctantly, as if expecting a rebuke.

At the opening sentence Loder had turned aside, but now, as the man finished, he wheeled round again and looked at him closely with his keen, observant eyes.

"Look here," he said. "I can't have you speak to me like that. I may come down on you rather sharply when my—my nerves are bad, but when I'm myself I treat you well. I treat you decently at any rate. You'll have to learn to discriminate. Look at me now!" A thrill of risk and of partnership passed through him as he spoke. "Look at me now! Do I look as I looked this morning—or yesterday?"

The man eyed him half stupidly, half timidly.

"Well?" Loder insisted.

"Well, sir," Renwick responded, with some slowness, "you look the same and you look different—a healthier color, perhaps, sir, and the eye clearer." He grew more confident under Loder's half humorous, half insistent gaze. "Now that I look closer, sir"—

Loder laughed. "That's it!" he said. "Now that you look closer. You'll have to grow observant. Observation is an excellent quality in a servant. When you come into a room in future, look first of all to me and take you cue from that. Remember that serving a man with nerves is like serving two masters. Now you can go, and tell Mrs. Chilcote's maid that I shall be quite ready at a quarter past 10."

"Yes, sir. And after that?"

"Nothing further. I shan't want you again tonight." He turned away as he spoke and moved toward the great fire that was always kept alight in Chilcote's room. But as the man moved toward the door he wheeled back again. "Oh, one thing more, Renwick! Bring me some sandwiches and a whisky." He remembered for the first time that he had eaten nothing since early afternoon.

A few minutes after 10 Loder left Chilcote's room, resolutely descended the stairs and took up his position in the hall. Resolution is a strong word to apply to such a proceeding, but nothing in his bearing, in the attitude of his shoulders and head, distinctively suggested it.

Five or six minutes passed, but he waited without impatience. Then at last the sound of a carriage stopping before the house caused him to lift his head, and at the same instant Eve appeared at the head of the staircase.

She stood there for a second, looking down on him, her maid a pace or two behind holding her cloak. The picture she made struck upon his mind with something of a revelation.

On his first sight of her she had appealed to him as a strange blending of youth and self possession—a girl with a woman's clearer perception of life. Later he had been drawn to study her in other respects—as a possible comrade and friend. Now for the first time he saw her as a power in her own world—a woman to whom no man could deny consideration. She looked taller for the distance between them, and the distinction of her carriage added to the effect. Her black gown was exquisitely soft—as soft as her black hair. Above her forehead was a cluster of splendid diamonds shaped like a coronet, and a band of the same stones encircled her neck. Loder realized in a glance that only the most distinguished of women could wear such ornaments and not have her beauty eclipsed. With a touch of the old awkwardness that had before assailed him in her presence, he came slowly forward as she descended the stairs.

"Can I help you with your cloak?" he asked, and as he asked it something like surprise at his own timidity crossed his mind.

For a second Eve's glance rested on his face. Her expression was quite impassive, but as she lowered her lashes a faint gleam flickered across her eyes. Nevertheless, her answer, when it came, was studiously courteous.

"Thank you," she said, "but Marie will do all I want."

Loder looked at her for a moment, then turned aside. He was not hurt by his rebuff. Rather, by an interesting sequence of impressions, he was stirred by it. The pride that had refused Chilcote's help, and the self control that had refused it graciously, moved him to admiration. He understood and appreciated both by the light of personal experience.

"The carriage is waiting, sir," Crapham's voice broke in.

Loder nodded, and Eve turned to her maid. "That will do, Marie," she said. "I shall want a cup of chocolate when I get back, probably at 1 o'clock." She drew her cloak about her shoulders and moved toward the door. Then she paused and looked back. "Shall we start?" she asked quietly.

Loder, still watching her, came forward at once. "Certainly," he said, with unusual gentleness.

He followed her as she crossed the footpath, but made no further offer of help, and when the moment came he quietly took his place beside her in the carriage. His last impression as the horses wheeled round was of the open hall door—Crapham in his somber livery and the maid in her black dress, both silhouetted against the dark background of the hall; then as the carriage moved forward smoothly and rapidly he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes.

During the first few moments of the drive there was silence. To Loder there was a strange, new sensation in this companionship, so close and yet so distant. He was so near to Eve that the slight fragrant scent from her clothes might almost have belonged to his own. The impression was confusing, yet vaguely delightful. It was years since he had been so close to a woman of his own class, his own caste. He acknowledged the thought with a curious sense of pleasure. Involuntarily he turned and looked at her.

She was sitting very straight, her fine profile cut clear against the carriage window, her diamonds quivering in the light that flashed by them from the street. For a space the sense of unreality that had pervaded his first entrance into Chilcote's life touched him again; then another and more potent feeling rose to quell it. Almost involuntarily as he looked at her his lips parted.

"May I say something?" he asked.

Eve remained motionless. She did not turn her head, as most women would have done. "Say anything you like," she said gravely.

"Anything?" He bent a little nearer, filled again by the inordinate wish to dominate.

"Of course."

It seemed to him that her voice sounded forced and a little tired. For a moment he looked through the window at the passing lights; then slowly his gaze returned to her face.

"You look very beautiful tonight," he said. His voice was low and his manner unemotional, but his words had the effect he desired.

She turned her head, and her eyes met his in a glance of curiosity and surprise.

Slight as the triumph was, it thrilled him. The small scene with Chilcote's valet came back to him; his own personality moved him again to a reckless determination to make his own voice heard. Leaning forward, he laid his hand lightly on her arm.

"Eve," he said quickly—"Eve, do you remember"— Then he paused and withdrew his hand. The horses had slackened speed, then stopped altogether as the carriage fell into line outside Bramtell House.

CHAPTER XIV.

LODER entered Lady Bramfell's feeling far more like an actor in a drama than an ordinary man in a peculiar situation. It was the first time he had played Chilcote to a purely social audience and the first time for many years that he had rubbed shoulders with a well dressed crowd ostensibly brought together for amusement. As he followed Eve along the corridor that led to the reception rooms he questioned the reality of the position again and again; then abruptly, at the moment when the sensation of familiarity was strongest, a cheery voice hailed him, and, turning, he saw the square shoulders, light eyes and pointed mustache of Lakeley, the owner of the St. George's Gazette.

At the sight of the man and the sound of his greeting his doubts and speculations vanished. The essentials of life rose again to the position they had occupied three weeks ago, in the short but strenuous period when his dormant activities had been stirred and he had recognized his true self. He lifted his head unconsciously, the shade of misgiving that had crossed his confidence passing from him as he smiled at Lakeley with a keen, alert pleasure that altered his whole face.

Eve, looking back, saw the expression. It attracted and held her, like a sudden glimpse into a secret room. In all the years of her marriage, in the months of her courtship even, she had never surprised the look on Chilcote's face. The impression came quickly and with it a strange, warm rush of interest that receded slowly, leaving an odd sense of loneliness. But, at the moment that the feeling came and passed, her attention was claimed in another direction. A slight, fair haired boy forced his way toward her through the press of people that filled the corridor.

"Mrs. Chilcote!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe my luck in finding you alone?"

Eve laughed. It seemed that there was relief in her laugh. "How absurd you are, Bobby!" she said kindly. "But you are wrong. My husband is here. I am waiting for him."

Blessington looked around. "Oh!" he said. "Indeed!" Then he relapsed into silence. He was the soul of good nature, but those who knew him best knew that Chilcote's summary change of secretaries had rankled. Eve, conscious of the little jar, made haste to smooth it away.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "What have you been doing?"

Blessington looked at her, then smiled again, his buoyancy restored. "Doing?" he said. "Oh, calling every other afternoon at Grosvenor square, only to find that a certain lady is never at home."

At his tone Eve laughed again. The boy, with his frank and ingenuous nature, had beguiled many a dull hour for her in past days, and she had missed him not a little when his face had been filled by Greeding.

"But I mean seriously, Bobby. Has something good turned up?"

Blessington made a wry face. "Something is on its way. That's why I'm on duty tonight. Old Bramfell and the pater are working it between them, so if Lady Bramfell or Lady Astrupp happen to drop a fan or a handkerchief this evening I've got to be here to pick it up. See?"

"As you picked up my fans and handkerchiefs last year and the year before?" Eve smiled.

Blessington's face suddenly looked grave. "I wish you hadn't said that," he said. Then he paused abruptly. Out of the hum of talk behind them a man's laugh sounded. It was not loud, but it was a laugh that one seldom hears in a London drawing room. It expressed interest, amusement and in an inexplicable way it seemed also to express strength.

Eve and Bessington both turned involuntarily.

"By Jove!" said Blessington.

Eve said nothing.

Loder was parting with Lakeley and his was the laugh that had attracted them both. The interest excited by his talk was still reflected in his face and bearing as he made his way toward them.

"By Jove!" said Blessington again. "I never realized that Chilcote was so tall."

Again Eve said nothing. But silently and with a more subtle meaning she found herself echoing the words.

Until he was quite close to her Loder did not seem to see her. Then he stopped quietly.

"I was speaking to Lakeley," he said. "He wants me to dine with him one night at Cadogan Gardens."

But Eve was silent, waiting for him to address Blessington. She glanced at him quickly, but though their eyes met he did not catch the meaning that lay in hers. It was a difficult moment. She had known him incredibly, almost unpardonably absentminded, but it had invariably been when he was suffering from nerves, as she phrased it to herself. But tonight he was obviously in the possession of unclouded faculties. She colored slightly and glanced under her lashes at Blessington. Had the same idea struck him, she wondered? But he was studiously studying a suit of Chinese armor that stood close by in a niche of the wall.

"Bobby has been keeping me amused while you talked to Mr. Lakeley," she said pointedly.

Directly addressed, Loder turned and looked at Blessington. "How d'you do?" he said, with doubtful cordiality. The name of Bobby conveyed nothing to him.

To his surprise Eve looked annoyed and Blessington's fresh colored face deepened in tone. With a slow, uncomfortable sensation he was aware of having struck a wrong note.

There was a short, unpleasant pause. Then, more by intuition than actual sight, Blessington saw Eve's eyes turn from him to Loder, and with quick tact he saved the situation.

"How d'you do, sir?" he responded, with a smile. "I congratulate you on looking so—so uncommon well. I was just telling Mrs. Chilcote that I hold a commission for Lady Astrupp tonight. I'm a sort of scout at present—reporting on the outposts." He spoke fast and without much meaning, but his boyish voice eased the strain.

Eve thanked him with a smile. "Then we mustn't intertere with a person on active service," she said. "Besides, we have our own duties to get through." She smiled again and, touching Loder's arm, indicated the reception rooms.

When they entered the larger of the two rooms Lady Bramfell was still receiving her guests. She was a tall and angular woman who, except for a certain beauty of hands and feet and a certain similarity of voice, possessed nothing in common with her sister Lillian. She was speaking to a group of people as they approached, and the first sound of her sweet and rather drawling tones touched Loder with a curious momentary feeling—a vague suggestion of awakened memories. Then the suggestion vanished as she turned and greeted Eve.

"How sweet of you to come!" she murmured. And it seemed to Loder that a more spontaneous smile lighted up her face. Then she extended her hand to him. "And you, too!" she added. "Though I fear we shall bore you dreadfully."

Watching her with interest, he saw the change of expression as her eyes turned from Eve to him and noticed a colder tone in her voice as she addressed him directly. The observation moved him to self assertion.

"That's a poor compliment to me," he said. "To be bored is surely only a polite way of being inane."

Lady Bramfell smiled. "What!" she exclaimed. "You defending your social reputation?"

Loder laughed a little. "The smaller it is the more defending it needs," he replied.

Another stream of arrivals swept by them as he spoke. Eve smiled at their hostess and moved across the room, and he perforce followed. As he gained her side the little court about Lady Bramfell was left well in the rear, the great throng at the farther end of the room was not yet reached, and for the moment they were practically alone.

There was a certain uneasiness in that moment of companionship. It seemed to him that Eve wished to speak, but he waited. Once or twice she opened and closed the fan that she was carrying, then at last, as if by an effort, she turned and looked at him.

"Why were you so cold to Bobby Blessington?" she asked. "Doesn't it seem discourteous to ignore him as you did?"

Her manner was subdued. It was not the annoyed manner that one uses to a man when he has behaved ill; it



"There's no penalty for separating husband and wife!"

was the explanatory tone one might adopt toward an incorrigible child. Loder felt this, but the gist of a remark always came to him first. Its mode of expression later. The fact that it was Blessington whom he had encountered—Blessington to whom he had spoken with vague politeness—came to him with a sense of unpleasantness. He was not to blame in the matter, nevertheless he blamed himself. He was annoyed that he should have made the slip in Eve's presence.

They were moving forward, nearing the press of people in the second room, when Eve spoke, and the fact filled him with an added sense of annoyance. People, smiled and bowed to her from every side; one woman leaned forward as they passed and whispered something in her ear. Again the sensation of futility and vexation filled him; again he realized how palpable was the place she held in the world. Then, as his feelings reached their height and speech seemed forced upon him, a small man with a round face, catching a glimpse of Eve, darted from a circle of people gathered in one of the windows and came quickly toward them. With an unjust touch of irritation he recognized Lord Bramfell.

Again the sense of Eve's aloofness stung him as their host approached. In another moment she would be lost to him among this throng of strangers—claimed by them as by right.

"Eve," he said involuntarily and under his breath.

She half paused and turned toward him. "Yes?" she said, and he wondered if it was his imagination that made the word sound slightly eager.

"About that matter of Blessington," he began; then he stopped. Bramfell had reached them.

The little man came up smiling and with an outstretched hand. "There's no penalty for separating husband and wife, is there, Mrs. Chilcote? How are you, Chilcote?" He turned from one to the other with the quick, noiseless manner that always characterized him.

Loder turned aside to hide his vexation, but Eve greeted their host with her usual self possessed smile.

"You are exempt from all penalties tonight," she said. Then she turned to greet the members of his party who had strolled across from the window in his wake.

As she moved aside Bramfell looked at Loder. "Well, Chilcote, have you dipped into the future yet?" he asked with a laugh.

Loder echoed the laugh, but said nothing. In his uncertainty at the question he reverted to his old resource of silence.

Bramfell raised his eyebrows. "What!" he said. "Don't tell me that my sister-in-law hasn't engaged you as a victim." Then he turned in Eve's direction. "You've heard of our new departure, Mrs. Chilcote?"

Eve looked round from the lively group by which she was surrounded. "Lillian's crystal gazing? Why, of course!" she said. "She should make a very beautiful seer. We are all quite curious."

Bramfell pursed up his lips. "She has a very beautiful tent at the end of the conservatory. It took five men as many days to rig it up. We could not hear ourselves talk for hammering. My wife said it made her feel quite philanthropic, it reminded her so much of a charity bazaar."

Everybody laughed, and at the same moment Blessington came quickly across the room and joined the group.

"Hello!" he said. "Anyboy seen Witcheston? He's next on my list for the crystal business."

Again the whole party laughed, and Bramfell, stepping forward, touched Blessington's arm in mock seriousness.

"Witcheston is playing bridge, like a sensible man," he said. "Leave him in peace, Bobby."

Blessington made a comic remonstrance. "But I'm working this on commercial principles," he said. "I have the list, names and hours complete, and Lady Astrupp gazes in blissful ignorance as to who her victims are. The whole thing is great, simple and statistical."

"For goodness' sake, Bobby, shut up!" Bramfell's round eyes were twinkling with amusement.

"But my system"—

"Systems! Ah, we all had them when we were as young as you are."

"And they all had flaws Bobby," Eve broke in. "We were always finding gaps that had to be filled up. Never mind about Lord Witcheston. Get a substitute. It won't count if Lillian doesn't know."

Blessington wavered as she spoke. His eyes wandered round the party and again rested on Bramfell.

"Not me, Bobby! Remember, I've breathed crystals—practically lived on them—for the last week. Now, there's Chilcote"— Again his eyes twinkled.

All eyes were turned on Loder, though one or two stared surreptitiously to Eve. She, seemingly sensitive to the position, laughed quickly.

"A very good idea!" she said. "Who wants to see the future if not a politician?"

Loder glanced from her to Blessington. Then, with a very feminine impulse, she settled the matter beyond dispute.

"Please use your authority, Bobby," she said. "And when you've got him safely under canvas come back to me. It's years since we've had a talk." She nodded and smiled, then instantly turned to Bramfell with some trivial remark.

For a second Loder waited; then, with a movement of resignation, he laid his hand on Blessington's arm. "Very well," he said. "But if my fate is black, witness it was my wife who sent me to it." His faint pause on the word wife, the mention of the word itself in the presence of these people, had a savor of recklessness. The small discomfiture of his earlier slip vanished before it. He experienced a strong reaction of confidence in his luck. With a cool head, a steady step and a friendly pressure of the fingers on Blessington's arm, he allowed himself to be drawn across the reception rooms, through the long corrides and down the broad flight of steps that led to the conservatory.

The conservatory was a feature of the Bramfell town house, and to Loder it came as something wonderful and unlooked for, with its glistering green branches, its slight, unoppressive scents, its temperately pleasant atmosphere. He felt no wish to speak as, still guided by Blessington, he passed down the shadowy paths that in the half light had the warmth and mystery of a southern garden. Here and there from the darkness came the whispering of a voice or the sound of a laugh bringing with it the necessary touch of life. Otherwise the place was still.

Absorbed by the air of solitude, contrasting so remarkably with the noise and crowded glitter left behind in the reception rooms, he had moved halfway down the long green aisle before the business in hand came back to him with a sudden sense of annoyance. It seemed so paltry to mar the quiet of the place with the absurdity of a side show. He turned to Blessington with a touch of abruptness.

"What am I expected to do?" he asked.

Blessington looked up, surprised. "Why, I thought, sir"— he began; then he instantly altered his tone. "Oh, just enter into the spirit of the thing. Lady Astrupp won't put much strain on your credulity. If she'll make a big call on your solemnity." He laughed.

He had an infectious laugh, and Loder responded to it.

"But what am I told?" he persisted.

"Oh, nothing. Bein the priestess, she naturally demands sobrtes, but she'll let you know that se holds the prior place. The tent is so fixed that she sees nothing beyon your hands, so there's absolutely n delusion." He laughed once more. Then suddenly he lowered his voice and slackened his steps. "Here we re," he whispered in pretended awe.

At the end of the alk the space widened to the full breath of the conservatory. The light was dimmer, giving an added impression of distance; away to the left Loder eard the sound of splashing water, and on his right hand he caught his first glimpse of the tent that was his goal.

It was an artis little structure—a pavilion formed of silky fabric that showed bronze in the light of an oriental lamp that hung above its entrance. As they drew nder a man emerged from it. He ook for a moment in uncertainty, looking about him; then, catching sight of him, he came forward, laughing.

"By George," he exclaimed, "it's as dark as limbo in here! I didn't see you at first. Do I say, Blessington, it's a beastly shame to have that thundercloud barrier shutting off the sorceress. If she gazes at the crystal, mayn't we have something to gaze at too?"

Blessington laughed. "You want too much, Gallitry," he said. "Lady Astrupp understands the value of the unattainable. Come along, sir!" he added to Loder, drawing him forward with an energetic pressure of the arm.

Loder responded, and as he did so a flicker of curiosity touched his mind for the first time. He wondered for an instant who this woman was who aroused so much comment. And with the speculation came the remembrance of how she had assured Chilcote that on one point at least he was invulnerable. He had spoken then from the height of a past experience—an experience so fully passed that he wondered now if it had been as staple a guar-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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"Reuben Fields, the Johnson County mathematician, who is considered by many to be an idiotic wonder, stopped at a hotel in a small town in Henry County recently," says the Oak Grove (Mo.) Banner. "As usual, in such places, there were a number of drummers on hand; there was also a meeting of some medical men at the place, who used the hotel as headquarters. One of the doctors thought it would be quite a joke to tell Fields that some of the M. D.'s had concluded to kidnap him and take out his brains to learn how it was he was so good in mathematics. He was then asked by them what he was going to do about it. Fields replied: 'I will go on without brains just like you doctors are doing.'"—New York Tribune.

He—Miss Highnote is certainly a homely girl, isn't she?

She—Well, she isn't a beauty, but when you hear her sing you will forget her face.

He—Gracious! Is her singing as bad as that?—The Club Fellow.

Towne—So Dumley married a college woman. Myl it must be fierce for him to be tied to a woman who knows so much that he doesn't know.

Browne—Oh! that doesn't hurt him so much as the fact that she knows "how" much he doesn't know.—Philadelphia Press.

THE MASQUERADER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

capacity for outliving is astonishingly complete. The long ago incident in the Italian mountains had faded, like a crayon study in which the tones have merged and gradually lost character. The past had paled before the present, as golden hair might pale before black. The simile came with apparent irrelevance. Then again Blessington pressed his arm.

"Now, sir!" he said, drawing away and lifting the curtain that hung before the entrance of the tent.

Loder looked at the amused, boyish face lighted by the hanging lamp and smiled pleasantly; then, with a shrug of the shoulders, he entered the pavilion, and the curtain fell behind him.

CHAPTER XV.

ON entering the pavilion Loder's first feeling was one of annoyed awkwardness at finding himself in almost total darkness. But as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom the feeling vanished and the absurdity of the position came to his mind.

The tent was small, heavily draped with silk and smelling of musk. It was divided into two sections by an immovable curtain that hung from the roof to within a few feet of the floor. The only furniture on Loder's side was one low chair, and the only light a faint radiance that, coming from the invisible half of the pavilion, spread across the floor in a pale band. For a short space he stood uncertain, then his hesitation was brought to an end.

"Please sit down," said a low, soft voice.

For a further moment he stood undecided. The voice sounded so unexpectedly near. In the quiet and darkness of the place it seemed to possess a disproportionate weight, almost the weight of a familiar thing. Then with a sudden, unanalyzed touch of relief, he located the impression. It was the similarity to Lady Bramfell's sweet, slow tones that had stirred his mind. With a sense of satisfaction he drew the chair forward and sat down.

Then for the first time he saw that on the other side of the gauze partition and below it by a few inches was a small table of polished wood, on which stood an open book, a crystal ball and a gold dish filled with ink. These were arranged on the side of the table nearest to him, the farther side being out of his range of vision. An amused interest touched him as he made his position more comfortable. Whoever this woman was, she had an eye for stage management, she knew how to marshal her effects. He found himself waiting with some curiosity for the next injunction from behind the curtain.

"The art of crystal gazing," began the sweet, slow voice after a pause, "is one of the oldest known arts." Loder sat forward. The thought of Lady Bramfell mingled disconcertingly with some other thought more distant and less easy to secure.

"To obtain the best results," went on the seer, "the subject lays his uncovered hands outspread upon a smooth surface." It was evident that the invisible priestess was reading from the open book, for when the word "surface" was reached there was a slight stir that indicated the changing of position, and when the voice came again it was in a different tone.

"Please lay your hands, palms downward, upon the table."

Loder smiled to himself in the darkness. He pictured Chilcote with his nerves and his impatience going through this ordeal; then in good humored silence he leaned forward and obeyed the command. His hands rested on the smooth surface of the table in the bar of light from the unseen lamp.

There was a second in which the seer was silent; then he fancied that she raised her head.

"You must take off your rings," she said smoothly. "Any metal interferes with the sympathetic current."

At any other time Loder would have laughed, but the request so casually and graciously made sent all possibility of irony far into the background. The thought of Chilcote and of the one flaw in their otherwise flawless scheme rose to his mind. Instinctively he half withdrew his hands.

"Where is the sympathetic current?" he asked quietly. His thoughts were busy with the question of whether he would or would not be justified in leaving an undignified retreat.

"Between you and me, of course," said the voice softly. It sounded languid, but very rational. The idea of retreat seemed suddenly theatrical. In this world of low voices and shaded lights people never adopted extreme measures—no occasion made a scene practicable or even allowable. He leaned back slowly, while he summed up the situation. If by any unlucky chance this woman knew Chilcote to have adopted jewelry and had seen the designs of his rings the sight of his own scarred finger would suggest question and comment. If, on the other hand, he left the pavilion without excuse or if without apparent reason he refused to remove the rings, he opened up a new difficulty, a fresh road to curiosity. It came upon him with unusual quickness—the obstacles to and the need for a speedy decision. He glanced round the tent; then unconsciously he straightened his shoulders. After all, he had stepped into a tight corner, but there was no need to cry out in squeezing his way back. Then he realized that the soft, ingratiating tones were sounding once more.

"It's the passing of my hands over yours while I look into the crystal that sets up sympathy"—a slender hand moved swiftly into the light and picked up the ball—"and makes my eyes see the pictures in your mind. Now, will you please take off your rings?"

The very naturalness of the request disarmed him. It was a risk. But, as Chilcote had said, risk was the salt of life!

"I'm afraid you think me very troublesome." The voice came again, delicately low and conciliatory.

For a brief second Loder wondered uncertainly how long or how well Chilcote knew Lady Astrupp; then he dismissed the question. Chilcote had never mentioned her until tonight, and then casually as Lady Bramfell's sister. What a coward he was becoming in throwing the dice with fate! Without further delay he drew off the rings, slipped them into his pocket and replaced his hands on the smooth table top.

Then, at the moment that he replaced them, a peculiar thing occurred.

From the farther side of the dark partition came the quick, rustling stir of a skirt and the slight scrape of a chair pushed either backward or forward. Then there was silence.

Now, silence can suggest anything from profound thought to imbecility, but in this case its suggestion was nil. That something had happened, that some change had taken place, was as patent to Loder as the darkness of the curtain or the band of light that crossed the floor, but what had occasioned it, or what it stood for, he made no attempt to decide. He sat bitingly conscious of his hands spread open on the table under the scrutiny of eyes that were invisible to him, vividly aware of the awkwardness of his position. He felt with instinctive certainty that a new chord had been struck; but a man seldom acts on instinctive certainties. If the exposure of his hands had struck this fresh note, then any added action would but heighten the dilemma. He sat silent and motionless.

Whether his impassivity had any bearing on the moment he had no way of knowing; but no further movement came from behind the partition. Whatever the emotions that had caused the sharp swish of skirts and the sharp scrape of the chair, they had evidently subsided or been dominated by other feelings.

The next indication of life that came to him was the laying down of the crystal ball. It was laid back upon the table with a slight jerk that indicated a decision come to; and almost simultaneously the seer's voice came to him again. Her tone was lower now than it had been before, and its extreme ease seemed slightly shaken—whether by excitement, surprise or curiosity it was impossible to say.

"You will think it strange," she began. "You will think"— Then she stopped.

There was a pause, as though she waited for some help, but Loder remained mute. In difficulty a silent tongue and a cool head are usually man's best weapons.

His silence was disconcerting. He heard her stir again.

"You will think it strange," she began once more. Then quite suddenly she checked and controlled her voice. "You must forgive me for what I am going to say," she added in a completely different tone, "but crystal gazing is such an illusive thing. Directly you put your hands upon the table I felt that there would be no result, but I wouldn't admit the defeat. Women are such keen anglers that they can never acknowledge that any fish, however big, has slipped the hook." She laughed softly.

At the sound of the laugh Loder shifted his position for the first time. He could not have told why, but it struck him with a slight sense of confusion. A precipitate wish to rise and pass through the doorway into the wider spaces of the conservatory came to him, though he made no attempt to act upon it. He knew that, for some inexplicable reason, this woman behind the screen had lied to him in the controlling of her speech, in her change of voice. There had been one moment in which an impulse or an emotion had almost found voice; then training, instinct, or it might have been diplomacy, had conquered, and the moment had passed. There was a riddle in the very atmosphere of the place—and he abominated riddles.

But Lady Astrupp was absorbed in her own concerns. Again she changed her position, and to Loder, listening attentively, it seemed that she leaned forward and examined his hands afresh. The sensation was so acute that he withdrew them involuntarily.

Again there was a confused rustle. The crystal ball rolled from the table, and the seer laughed quickly. Obeying a strenuous impulse, Loder rose.

He had no definite notion of what he expected or what he must avoid. He was only conscious that the pavilion, with its silk draperies, its scent of musk and its intolerable secrecy, was no longer endurable. He felt cramped and confused in mind and muscle. He stood for a second to straighten his limbs; then he turned and, moving directly forward, passed through the portiere.

After the dimness of the pavilion the conservatory seemed comparatively bright, but without waiting to grow accustomed to the altered light he moved onward with deliberate haste. The long green alley was speedily traversed. In his eyes it no longer possessed greenness, no longer suggested freshness or repose. It was simply a means to the end upon which his mind was set.

As he passed up the flight of steps he drew his rings from his pocket and slipped them on again. Then he stepped into the glare of the thronged corridor.

Some one hailed him as he passed through the crowd, but with Chilcote's most absorbed manner he hurried on. Through the door of the supper room he caught sight of Blessington and Eve, and then for the first time his expression changed, and he turned directly toward them.

"Eve," he said, "will you excuse me? I have a word to say to Blessington."

She glanced at him in momentary surprise; then she smiled in her quiet, self possessed way.

"Of course," she said. "I've been wanting a chat with Millicent Gower, but Bobby has required so much entertaining"— She smiled again, this time at Blessington, and moved away toward a pale girl in green who was standing alone.

Instantly she had turned Loder took Blessington's arm.

"I know you're tremendously busy," he began in an excellent imitation of Chilcote's hasty manner—"I know you're tremendously busy, but I'm in a fix. One glance at Blessington's healthy, ingenuous face told him that plain speaking was the method to adopt.

"Indeed, sir?" In a moment Blessington was on the alert.

"Yes. And I—I want your help."

The boy reddened. That Chilcote should appeal to him stirred him to an uneasy feeling of pride and uncertainty.

Loder saw his advantage and pressed it home. "It's come about through this crystal gazing business. I'm afraid I didn't play my part—rather made an ass of myself. I wouldn't swallow the thing, and—and Lady Astrupp"— He paused, measuring Blessington with a glance. "Well, my dear boy, you—you know what women are?"

Blessington was only twenty-three. He reddened again and assumed an air of profundity. "I know, sir," he said, with a shake of the head.

Loder's sense of humor was keen, but he kept a grave face. "I knew you'd catch my meaning. But I want you to do something more. If Lady Astrupp should ask you who was in her tent this past ten minutes, I want you"— Again he stopped, looking at his companion's face.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to tell an immaterial lie for me."

Blessington returned his glance; then he laughed a little uncomfortably. "But surely, sir"—

"She recognized me, you mean?" Loder's eyes were as keen as steel.

"Yes."

"Then you're wrong. She didn't."

Blessington's eyebrows went up.

There was silence. Loder glanced across the room. Eve had parted from the girl in green and was moving toward them, exchanging smiles and greetings as she came.

"My wife is coming back," he said. "Will you do this for me, Blessington? It—it will smooth things." He spoke quickly, continuing to watch Eve. As he had hoped, Blessington's eyes turned in the same direction. "'Twill smooth matters," he repeated—"smooth them in—in a domestic way that I can't explain."

The shot told. Blessington looked round.

"Right, sir," he said. "You may leave it to me." And before Loder could speak again he had turned and disappeared into the crowd.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Buying a Gift Book.

The principle of choice should in general follow the taste or need of the friend for whom you are selecting a book. Yet it is also well now and then to open a new channel of interest by giving a volume outside of your friend's habitual line. We are often thankful to a friend who has drawn us out of our mental sheep tracks. There are a few writers that stand as permanent figures in the modern literary world—writers who have given out seminal ideas that seed and beautify the field of thought. Chief among these men are Shakespeare, Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson and Victor Hugo. Until a library possesses at least the best writings of these five men it is sadly deficient. You are doing kingly service when you make these men known to any thoughtful mind.—Edwin Markham in Success.

Met His Match.

Rev. Matthew Wilkes, a celebrated London preacher, was caught in a shower in the famous Billingsgate market, where the profanity of the women who sell fish there is proverbial. As he stopped under a shed among them he felt called upon to at least give his testimony against their wickedness.

"Don't you think," said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, "I shall appear as a swift witness against you in the day of judgment?"

"I presume so," said one, "for the biggest rogue always turns state's evidence."

Wood at $8 a Pound.

"French walnut is the finest wood we have," said the cabinetmaker. "It comes from Persia, but it is prepared in France. I have seen French walnut worth $8 a pound, and it is a common thing to pay $2 a pound for it. Of course it is used principally for veneering. Only millionaires could have chairs and tables of solid French walnut. Mahogany, wonderful as it is, rarely fetches such high prices. From $2 to $3 is a very good price per pound for this wood. Ebony, if it is a particularly large piece, so that it will cut well, will often bring $5 a pound in the wood market."

Fitting Both Ends.

Press Agent—That ingenue is as green as they make 'em. What shall I say about her? Manager—Give 'em a song and dance about her girlish freshness and her pure young art. Press Agent—And what shall I say about Miss Passee's "Camille?" You know she's just completed a century run in the part. Manager—Oh, throw in some verbal pyrotechnics about the splendid maturity of her ripe genius.—Baltimore American.

An Unfamiliar Locality.

"Where was he struck by the automobile?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," answered the surgeon.

"Will you please point that out on the map?" asked the coroner, indicating one that hung on the wall.—Chicago Tribune.

Fair Play.

Mr. Spat—Now, if you'll just listen to me— Mrs. Spat—Oh, you can't convince me! Mr. Spat—Probably not, but if we're going to spend the rest of the night in argument I want my share of the time.

Flowers and Voice.

Mrs. Howells (reading)—A German scientist claims that the odor of flowers has a pernicious effect on the human voice. Howells—That's all rot. I used to buy flowers for you before we were married, and your voice wasn't nearly so sharp as it is now.

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WOUNDING A FIRE.

An Odd Superstition That Dates Back to Ancient Times.

A curious modern attempt to rationalize one of the oldest of superstitions is to be found in Kipling's "Life's Handicap." There Mulvaney checks the author from stirring the fire with Ortheris' bayonet on the ground that fire takes the heart out of the steel. The real reason is much more mysterious. It was one of the maxims of Pythagoras "not to stir the fire with a sword," and to this day the wandering tribes of North America and of northeast Asia hold it a sin to take up a burning ember for a pipe light with the point of a knife. The explanation is undoubtedly given by Johannes de Plano Carpini when he tells us that one of the Tartar superstitions concerns "sticking a knife into the fire or in any way touching the fire with a knife or even taking meat out of the kettle with a knife or cutting near the fire with an ax, for they believe that so the head of the fire would be cut off."

This is evidently connected with the ancient idea that fire is a living creature, a sacred animal, which must not be wounded by its human owners in case it should be annoyed and deprive them of its valuable services. Is this in any degree more irrational than the belief still existent among housekeepers that a feeble fire can be made to burn up by laying the poker across it. —London Outlook.

TEA BUGS AND TEA MITES.

They Are the Plagues of the Assam Tea Gardens.

Every animal and plant has its parasite, and from this general law, it seems, the tea plant is not exempt. Two insects are described as spending their lives in tea drinking. They are the plague of the Assam tea gardens and are known as the tea bug and tea mite.

The mites spend their entire lives on the tea plant and are never known to attack any other leaf. They live in families and societies on the upper side of the full grown leaf and spin a delicate web for a shelter. They then puncture the leaves and pump out the liquid in the plant veins.

They seem to become very dainty in their tastes, for a sprinkling of muddy water over their floor and tea table is the only remedy known to check their ravages. Even this is not always effectual.

The tea bug is still more destructive and is evidently possessed of an appreciation of the best kinds of tea, since it always attacks those of a mild and delicate flavor. Such as afford harsh and rasping liquors are almost entirely free from its attacks.—London Chronicle.

Leaving Security.

Johann Sieberlieh is by nature suspicious; but, says the Albany Journal, he appreciates a reasonable proposition. A traveling butcher came his way one day and bargained with him for eight head of fine cattle. The price being satisfactory, the butcher felt in his pocket and found he had not brought his wallet.

"I have not the money with me," he said, "but I will drive the cattle to town and send the money back to you."

"Nein!" said Johann emphatically. "That goes not goot. You shouldt bring de moneys first."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do," said the butcher frankly. "I'll drive only six of them in, and I'll leave the other two as security for the debt."

Johann studied a moment and then his face lighted.

"All right," he said. "Dot is chust so goot. Ven you leave dose two you har bought den it is sure you comes back und pays me."

Beards.

A. Brandt, in his writings on the human beard, proffers an opinion directly opposing that of Darwin that the beard is a hereditary remnant of animal growth. According to Brandt, it is an acquisition, so that even the occasional beard of women has a prophetic significance, for as man has overtaken woman in his whole organization so it is the case also with reference to the beard. But slowly women are following, and now 10 per cent of them show a stronger growth. The woman of the distant future would then likewise be adorned with a beard.—Die Umschau.

Ten Thousand Telegrams at Once.

In 1871 at a celebration held in New York in honor of Professor Morse the original instrument invented by him was exhibited, connected at that moment by wire with every one of the 10,000 instruments then in use in the country. At a signal a message from the inventor was sent vibrating throughout the United States and was read at the same time in every city from New York to New Orleans and San Francisco.

Useless Noise.

"Johnny, dear," called Mrs. Ferguson from the foot of the stairway, "it's 6 o'clock. Time for you to get up."

"All right, maw," answered Johnny. Then he curled himself up for another nap.

"Talk about your useless noises!" he muttered sleepily.—Chicago Tribune.

Was Late.

Miss Ascum—Miss Sere tells me she is only twenty-three. Doesn't that seem strange to you? Miss Wise—Yes; very strange. It would seem to indicate that she wasn't born until her tenth birthday or so.—Exchange.

Justice pleaseth few in their own house.—Herbert.

Last Call!

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Saturday, January 5, 1907.

Have those good resolutions yet been broken?

Many of the interior New England cities are suffering from a scarcity of coal owing to the inability of the railroads to supply them with cars for transporting the coal from the mines.

Massachusetts is struggling with a strict enforcement of its old-time blue laws and District Attorney Moran and Police Commissioner O'Meara are engaged in a lively battle over the matter. Poor Massachusetts.

New Year's Day was about as mild and pleasant as could well be imagined. If, as the old prophecy has it, the first day of January indicates what the weather will be for the entire month, January should be a mild and pleasant season this year.

There will undoubtedly be disappointment in the breast of many an aspirant for office after the meeting of the representative council on Monday next. Unfortunately for the aspirations of some there will not be nearly offices enough to supply the demand.

Charles M. Floyd has been elected Governor of New Hampshire by the State Legislature. Under the New Hampshire law if no candidate for Governor receives a majority of the votes cast at the State election, the Legislature is required to elect a Governor from the candidates having the highest number of votes.

The retirement of Governor Utter marks the close of an able, just and dignified administration. During his incumbency of the office Governor Utter has extended the fair fame of the State at every opportunity and Rhode Island is to-day regarded with additional respect by the residents of other sections of our country because of their better acquaintance with our retired Chief Executive.

With the advent of the new year the railway rate bill went into effect, denatured alcohol came legally upon the market, and the pure food bill became effective. These were the three most radical bits of legislation enacted by the last Congress and their effective working out will be awaited with interest. Many of the manufacturers of food products had already complied with the terms of the pure food law, and the railroad law had also been felt, one of the most noticeable changes being the increase in express rates to help out the poor express companies.

The past few months have seen many railroad wrecks with an unusually large loss of life. To what extent this is due to mere carelessness and to what to the unprecedented volume of business it would be difficult to say. But when it is considered that most of the railroads of this country are nearly swamped with more business than they can handle it must seem that the risk of accident is greatly increased, especially for a single-track road. The inter-State commerce commission is preparing to make a strict investigation of some of the recent accidents in which lives have been lost.

A study of the official figures as given by the State returning board in the late election is very interesting. By these returns Gov. Utter had a majority of 167 over Gov. Higgins in this city; Lieut. Gov. Jackson had 347 majority; Secretary of State Bennett had 483; Attorney General Greenough had 418, and General Treasurer Read, 458; Sanborn had a majority of 507; Hassard, 629; Burlingame, 653; Franklin, 632, and Burdick, 614. There were 1859 straight Republican ballots cast, and 1456 straight Democratic ballots. There were 65 blank ballots cast for Governor, 151 for Lieut. Governor, 148 for Secretary of State, 136 for Attorney General and 137 for General Treasurer. The total number of defective ballots was 76, a very small number as compared with the rest of the State. The Prohibition candidate for Governor received but 14 votes in the entire city. The Socialist-Labor candidate had 16 and the Socialist candidate had 15 votes. The majority for Gov. Higgins throughout the State was 1,318; that of Lieut. Gov. Jackson was 1,508; Secretary of State Bennett, 5,727; Attorney General Greenough, 4,368, and General Treasurer Read, 5,400. The Prohibition candidate had 714; the Socialist-Labor, 320, and the Socialist candidate, 395. There were 1,809 blank ballots on Governor and 3,392 on Lieut. Governor. The defective ballots were 433. There were 68,743 ballots cast. The Republicans had 25,786 straight ballots and the Democrats 25,230. There were enough blank ballots for Governor to have elected Gov. Utter had they all been cast for him, and enough to elect the Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor had they all been cast his way. Had the law requiring a majority to elect been still in existence Gov. Higgins would have failed of an election by 111 votes. In the city of Providence Gov. Higgins beat Gov. Utter by 3,011 votes, while Lieut. Gov. Jackson had only 2,012 votes less than his opponent. Ward 10 in that city gave 1,186 Democratic majority and ward 3 in the city of Pawtucket gave 718 Democratic majority. The Democratic majority in these two wards alone was 1,904, which was 586 more than would have been required to elect Gov. Utter.

General Assembly.

Governor Higgins and the new State government was inaugurated with the usual ceremonies on Tuesday in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. The galleries were crowded to their utmost capacity and there were a great many who were obliged to stand in the corridors. After the two houses had organized they met in grand committee and Governor Higgins, Lieutenant Governor Jackson and the other State officers were sworn into office, the customary proclamation being made from the balcony of the State House, while a salute was fired by a militia battery. At the Governor's reception in the evening the crowd was so great that the officials were completely exhausted and the function was brought to a close an hour earlier than had been intended.

The Senate was called to order on Tuesday by Governor Utter and the oath of office was administered by Secretary of State Bennett. David J. White was unanimously re-elected reading clerk. After the inaugural ceremonies Governor Higgins presided and announced the appointment of his personal staff. There was a lively debate on the question of rules, Senator Rathbone Gardner speaking in favor of the appointment of a committee of five to prepare a set of rules. On motion of Senator Stiness the matter of rules was made a special order for Wednesday.

The House organized by the election of Roswell B. Burchard, of Little Compton, as Speaker, after the body had been called to order by Representative Hassard, of Newport, the vote standing 35 for Mr. Burchard to 32 for John W. Hogan. Col. Mowry was elected reading clerk and Charles H. Howland was elected recording clerk.

On Wednesday there was a lively fight in the Senate over the matter of rules. Senator Stiness presented a set of rules and moved their adoption. Senator Rathbone Gardner was at once on his feet and made a strong opposition to their adoption, being especially vehement in his attack on the rule retaining the power of appointing committees in the hands of the Senate instead of giving it to the Governor. The rules were adopted by the Senate, without amendment. In the House a resolution was introduced proposing an amendment to the constitution giving the Governor the veto power.

The Senate elected the following standing committees on Thursday, the Democratic members being indicated by a star (*):

Judiciary—Henry E. Anthony, Walter R. Stiness, John P. Sanborn, John Walsh, *Rathbone Gardner.

Corporations—Philip H. Wilbour, Charles Potter, John F. Richmond, Charles H. Ward, *James L. Jenks.

Finance—Elbridge I. Stoddard, Louis W. Arnold, *John A. Remington, Whiting Metcalf, William T. Frost.

Education—George W. Parrott, *Sumner Mowry, John S. Cole, Henry A. Palmer, Charles S. Seagrave.

Special Legislation—W. Fred Williams, *Thomas McKenna, William F. Caswell, Stephen T. Arnold, J. Eugene Littlefield.

Rules and Orders—John P. Sanborn, William F. Caswell, *Francis Fagan, William I. Frost, Henry F. Anthony.

State Property—Dionis E. Vincent, Arthur W. Steere, Ambrose H. Nicholas, Olney P. Cole, *William H. Erskine.

Militia—Walter R. Stiness, Stephen T. Arnold, John S. Cole, *Henry H. Potter, Frank E. Dutemple.

Elections—Whiting Metcalf, Henry F. Anthony, Olney P. Cole, Arthur W. Steere, *Francis Fagan.

Charities and Corrections—J. Eugene Littlefield, George W. Parrott, Leon D. Andrews, Frank E. Dutemple, *Norbert Decelles.

Fisheries—Elbridge I. Stoddard, Dionis E. Vincent, Joseph E. Smith, John G. Wilcox, *Sumner Mowry.

Agriculture—John F. Richmond, James A. Northup, Joseph E. Smith, Leon D. Andrews, *Henry H. Potter.

Pardons—*Thomas McKenna, *Francis Fagan, *William H. Erskine, *Norbert Decelles, *James L. Jenks.

About all that the Senate did on Thursday was to receive the message from the Governor and to elect their committees. In the House there was considerable wrangling over the drawing of seats, some of the members elected in opposition to the Republicans being disposed to desire seats on the Republican side of the chamber. In joint committee the clerks of the State courts were elected, Mr. Charles E. Harvey being re-elected clerk of the Superior Court for Newport County without opposition. In the Senate a resolution was introduced to permit the board of aldermen of Newport to authorize the borrowing by the city treasurer of $500,000 in anticipation of the receipt of city taxes. The resolution was sent to the finance committee and was passed by the Senate on Friday, the House concurring.

Governor's Message.

Governor James H. Higgins submitted his annual message to the General Assembly on Thursday. The message touches upon some matters that have long been agitated by the Democratic party, but a number of the pet policies of the last Democratic incumbent of that high office are conspicuous by their absence.

Governor Higgins goes into the matter of a constitutional amendment giving the cities more representation in the General Assembly. He points out that the cities are inadequately represented as compared with the country towns, and calls it taxation without representation.

He urges the giving of the veto power to the Governor, which can only be over-ridden by a two-thirds or three-fifths vote. He wants the property qualification removed from the constitution in order that all qualified voters may vote on all questions, regardless of whether or not they are taxpayers. He cites the abuses of the personal property qualification as a reason for this demand. The new ballot law does not please the Governor as it is too difficult to vote an independent ticket. He wants to go back to the Australian ballot, or, failing that, at least to remove the clause requiring the total scratching out of a candidate's name in order to vote a split ticket against him. He also wishes to bring the time for closing registration nearer to the election day, in order that more persons may be registered.

Governor Higgins urges the adoption of an act relating to corrupt practices in primaries, elections, legislation, etc. He wants candidates and committees to declare the amount of their campaign contributions, and corporations to be prohibited from contributing for election purposes. He attacks lobbying and urges prompt and vigorous action against the lobbyists.

The message recommends legislation requiring fraternal societies to make reports to the State Insurance Commissioner, and also legislation to afford protection to the insured in regular insurance companies.

The Governor urges rigid and scrupulous economy in State affairs. He recommends the appointment of a State bank examiner to have supervision over all State banks and trust companies, a capable and tried man being required. He wishes the appointive power restored to the Governor instead of resting in the Senate. He recommends the enactment of legislation to divorce public officials from selfish interests in public matters.

He recommends endorsement of the uniform State laws to be submitted, and especially that treating of divorce. Strict enforcement of the child labor law should be demanded. An additional appropriation for the Jamestown exposition is advocated by the Governor and he commends the State commissioners for their work. He recommends the re-enactment of the 10-hour law for motormen, laws abolishing State-appointed police commissions, and the appropriations for construction of good roads.

Philippines are Prosperous.

The annual report of the Philippine Commission for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, together with the separate reports to the Commission of the Governor General of the Islands and of the heads of the four executive departments, has just been published by the War Department.

It is stated that the remnant of the bands of ladrones which have infested the provinces of Cavite and Batangas in the neighborhood of Manila since the Spanish regime have been finally broken up, one of the most desperate leaders killed, and the others to the number of 12 were so hounded by the constabulary that they came in and voluntarily surrendered without any condition, promise or inducement on the part of the Government other than that they would be protected in coming to Manila and receive a fair trial.

Later advices from the Philippines give the information that these men have been tried before a Filipino judge and have been shown to be guilty, without exception, of the most fiendish and cruel murders and shocking mutilations, and all but one were sentenced to death, he being sentenced to 30 years imprisonment. With the surrender of the constituted leaders the lawless and disaffected had no one around whom to gather and were quick to follow the example of the former by surrendering their arms and entering peaceful pursuits.

The United States is so teeming with enterprises and industries which are highly profitable that it has been difficult to induce American capital to enter the islands and aid in the long-sought development of their latent and inexhaustible resources. American enterprise and business sagacity have already made great progress in a field that a few years ago was almost wholly occupied by foreigners. Up-to-date systems of lighting and street transportation have been inaugurated in the city of Manila in which millions of American money are invested and are receiving their just reward in profits.

Contracts are held by enterprising Americans for harbor works at Manila involving an expenditure of over $1,000,000, and harbor works are under way at Iloilo and Cebu, both in the hands of Americans. A modern telephone system had been installed in Manila with American capital. Concessions have been granted and surveys are under way for the construction of 300 miles of railway in the Visayan Islands and over 400 miles in Luzon, due wholly to the business enterprise and the aggregation of American capital, and will involve between ten and twenty million dollars of expenditure. Electric lighting plants have been installed at Iloilo and Cebu under American auspices and with American capital.

An important American bank has been established and has captured its fair share of the banking in the islands; contracts involving millions of dollars for new waterworks and sewer systems for the city of Manila have already been awarded to American capital; contracts have likewise been awarded to Americans for the construction of two immense steel and cement wharves or piers at Manila; large lumber concerns have been inaugurated and are carried on in different parts of the islands by Americans, and are seizing considerable portions of business for both imported and domestic lumber; the largest private stationery and printing establishment in the islands is in the hands of Americans; the second largest establishment in the world for the manufacture of cocoanut products is doing business in the islands under American control and with American capital; one of the largest importing and exporting houses in the archipelago has, under American management and with American capital, already captured a most formidable portion of current business.

A statistician says it would take a forty-mile solid train loaded with silver dollars of par value to pay for this year's agricultural yield in the United States. The trouble would be to get the cars, not the products, or the money.

Washington Matters.

Congress Refuses to Raise its own Salary—Clerks may be Put on the Regular Salary Roll—Secretary of Agriculture Gets after the Railroads—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 29, 1906.

There is a great deal of fun for outsiders over the situation in which Congress has left itself, owing to the refusal of the House to pass the bill raising members pay to $7500 a year. All the members were in favor of the measure, in fact, it would be hard to find a man anywhere who would be averse to having his salary raised. It even may be said that there is a fair reason for making the raise in this case. Members of Congress are not overpaid and the expenses of living in Washington having increased to such an extent that it is becoming hard for a man to hold a seat in Congress if he has not independent means with which to eke out his salary. However, the members of the House were afraid to vote for a raise of their own salary and after increasing the salary of Speaker Cannon they voted down the bill to boost their own wages. There was a hope, if not an absolute expectation, among the members that the Senate might bell the cat and pass such a measure after which the House could concur with becoming reluctance. But the Senate is showing little disposition to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the House. Most of the Senators, it may be remarked, are wealthy men to whom an increase in salary is a matter of comparative indifference. So it looks as though a few sessions more might pass leaving the increased compensation of members still an urgent but unsolved problem.

There is another matter of salary increase which the underpaid clerks to Congressmen are watching with hungry eyes and which stands a little better show of passing. As the law now stands Congressmen are allowed $1200 a year for clerk hire and many of them put their wives or daughters on the clerical roll, pocket the money and do the work themselves. Others club together and hire a single clerk, each paying him not more than $10 a week and pocketing the remainder of the salary. The measure of relief for the clerks contemplates putting them on the regular salary roll of the House and Senate and paying them each $1500 a year direct. It may be said in justice to some Representatives and Senators that they not only give their clerks all the stipulated $1200, but a good deal besides, and some of them by generosity with market, real estate and other tips, have enabled their clerks to become independently wealthy.

There is one case known to many correspondents in Washington where a correspondent losing his newspaper job, got a clerkship under a wealthy eastern Senator. He made good and saved the Senator time, money and trouble, in the numerous ways that an efficient secretary can do it for a public man. One day the old gentleman suggested that he buy a bunch of X. Y. Z. stock on the theory that it was going up. The secretary replied that he had no money to venture in such a speculation, whereupon the old gentleman wrote O. K. on his card, addressed it to his own brokers, and inside of a week advised the clerk to sell out. Meantime the stock scored an advance of $65,000. This is by no means a common case, but it does happen sometimes. On the other hand one of the very wealthiest Senators, who still occupies a seat, took in a newspaper man as his secretary about a year ago, kept him all one winter, allowed him to spend over $400 in small treats for disagreeable constituents whom the Senator did not want to meet himself, and at the end of that time refused even to settle the wine bill and other practically necessary expenses which the clerk had contracted on his behalf.

The Secretary of Agriculture has at last gone after the railroads for violation of the cattle transportation law passed at the last session of Congress. It will be recollected that the old law forbade railroad companies to keep cattle on the cars for more than 28 hours without food and drink and a rest of five hours. Even this was entirely too long but the packing house, railroad and cattle interests made a bitter fight to have the time limit extended to 36 hours. In the face of the strenuous protests from every Humane Society in the country this was done. But the railroads were not satisfied even with this iniquitous law and cases have been certified to the Solicitor of the Agricultural Department in which they have kept cattle crowded and starving and famished with thirst in the cars for periods running up to 90 hours.

The Secretary of Agriculture has secured evidence in between 500 and 600 such cases and they have been presented to the Department of Justice for rigorous prosecution. The maximum penalty for each individual shipment is $500, and if a carload of cattle should be shipped, all belonging to different parties, the maximum penalty for overrunning the time limit with such a load would be $10,000. Not many such cases are included among the list, but there are enough prosecutions afoot to mulct the railroads of several hundred thousand dollars, should the maximum penalty be imposed in all cases. Among the railroads involved in these prosecutions are the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Great Northern, Oregon Short Line, the Lake Shore, and the Michigan Southern. It is said that cases can be made against every important railroad in the United States and that this will be done as rapidly as the papers can be prepared.

The government is continually losing good men from its scientific department owing to the fact that the government salaries paid them are extremely small and are limited by law. Private corporations are under no such limitation, and if a man makes for himself a reputation it is almost impossible for the government to keep him. The past week has been particularly notable in cases of this sort. The Agricultural Department has lost one of its most expert scientists, Dr. Herbert J. Webber, who developed the long-staple upland cotton, the hardy orange, and a number of other important improvements in the plant breeding line. The Bureau of Corporations has lost Herbert D. Brown, the man who did the most important work in the Bureau's report on oil transportations, while the Geological Survey has lost two men. One of them was Harvey Weed, a copper mining expert, who from a position of $2400 a year was taken up by a big New York corporation at a salary of $6000. The other was J. E. Spear, who made the initial reports on the Tonopa gold fields and has been captured by the Guggenheims, with whom it is understood he gets a salary of about $10,000.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington D. C., Jan. 5, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecaste of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 11, cool wave 11 to 15. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 14, cross west of Rockies country by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern states 19. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states 21.

This will be one of the three great disturbances of the month. It will be inaugurated by a great high temperature wave and spring-like weather and close with a misery making cold wave and blizzard. Weather features will begin to grow more radical not far from Jan 11 and from that to close of the month no rest for those who may become weary of strenuous weather.

The cold wave above referred to will be much like that of Dec. 21 to 25, covering a large extent of country and very severe. The path of this Jan. cold wave will probably lie south of the December cold wave path. With and following this disturbance precipitation will largely increase to end of January.

Weather features immediately following Jan. 5 will be quiet as compared with past and present month but still more radical than the average of many years. Generally, or over the whole continent, temperatures of the second week of this month will average higher than usual and the trend of temperatures will be upward till the low, due on meridian 90 about Jan. 17, shall have past. Temperatures of the two weeks following 17 will average much lower than the temperatures of the two preceding weeks.

The Democrats in the General Assembly propose to so amend the Constitution of the State that the House of Representatives shall consist of 96 members instead of 72, and of this number the city of Providence is to have 33, or more than one-third of the entire number. These 33 are not to be elected by districts but on a general ticket. This method is adopted by that party in the hope that the great Democratic tenth ward may be able to elect the entire 33. Here is patriotic statesmanship for you in large chunks.

A man out west set a revolver in his locked valise as a protection from boarding house thieves. Then he told his fellow-lodgers that who ever opened his valise would be killed. Alas for female curiosity! The warning but accentuated the desire of a young woman to see what would happen if she opened it. Result, a funeral, and now the owner of the man trap has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

New York immigration officials estimate that in 1907 1,280,000 aliens will enter this country by way of that city. There is a difference of opinion as to whether congratulations are in order.

Marriages.

Dec. 26th, 1906, by Rev. S. C. Hughes, Alice Louise MacDonald, of Jamestown, R. I., to Roy Patrick Meridith, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Deaths.

In this city, 29th ult., Flora M., daughter of Amma C. and Daniel B. Branman, aged 25 years.

In this city, 29th ult., Mary Veronica, daughter of Margaret and the late David Romayne.

In this city, 30th ult., at the residence of his mother, 30 Warner street, James J., son of Catherine and the late James J. Horgan.

In this city, 30th ult., at her residence, Touro Park West, Harriet Greer, wife of Philippe La Forge.

In this city, 30th ult., Sydney Whitfield, infant son of Mary and Joseph H. Dunbar, aged 2 months and 26 days.

In this city, 30th ult., at her sister's residence, Mrs. Catharine Hogan, 39 Cannon street, Julia Agnes, daughter of the late Alice and John Fitzpatrick.

In this city, 30th ult., Patrick, infant son of John J. and Mary Sullivan, of 28 Stockholm street.

In Tiverton, 2d inst., Charles H. Lake, in his 72d year.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 28th ult., Thomas F., son of Julia and the late Thomas McCormick, of 332 Spring street.

For Sale.

A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.

This is an excellent house with over 5,000 square feet of land. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-the-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.

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Must Bear Signature of

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY 1907. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
6 Sat	7 23	4 48	10 37	11 20	11 69
6 Sun	7 24	4 47	11 42		12 13
7 Mon	7 25	4 48	morn	12 03	1 12
8 Tues	7 25	4 49	0 48	1 03	2 19
9 Wed	7 24	4 50	1 57	2 02	3 25
10 Thurs	7 24	4 51	3 01	3 01	4 23
11 Fri	7 24	4 52	4 20	4 47	6 19

Last Quarter, 7th day, 9h. 17m., morning.
New Moon, 14th day, 6h. 57m., evening.
First Quarter, 21st day, 3h. 42m., morning.
Full Moon, 29th day, 8h. 43m., morning.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

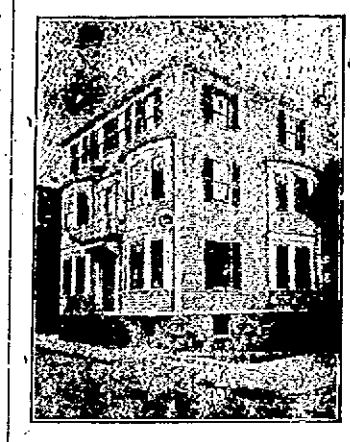
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c

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Electricity and gas in each room.
Modern plumbing.
Hardwood finish, enamelled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.

$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

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Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
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THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

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Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dudley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers,

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A Full Line of all the

NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
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Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

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Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.

2-21 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

LONG DEATH LIST

OPERATOR NOT TO BLAME

Fifty-Three Persons Probably Killed In Train Wreck

Appears to Have Set Danger Signal Which Was Ignored by Engineer of Extra Train Which Crashed Into Local Express

Washington, Jan. 1.—The Baltimore and Ohio wreck at Terra Cotta Sunday night grows in magnitude as the hours pass. The most conservative estimate of the dead is 53, with 60 suffering from wounds and fractures sustained in the rear-end collision which completely demolished the two day coaches and the smoker attached to the local Frederick Md., express No. 66. Several of the most seriously injured are expected to die and the death list may yet reach 60 or more.

Heartrending and pitiful were the scenes at the city morgue yesterday, where hundreds of persons had flocked to assist the police in the identification of the dead. Women, girls and even men with iron nerves shrieked, sobbed and fainted as their relatives or friends were found among the 32 corpses strewn about the floor. Coffins, wicker baskets and winding sheets were found on all sides.

Officials of the railroad are conducting an investigation of the wreck in Baltimore for the purpose of placing the responsibility for the disaster. General Superintendent Todd exonerated Milton Phillips, the operator at the Takoma block station, the last signal station that the equipment train passed before crashing into the passenger train at Terra Cotta. Todd declared that Phillips was obeying the instructions when he went home at 6:30 o'clock, leaving the "double green" signal burning.

While making no positive charge, Todd intimated that the burden of the blame would fall upon the engineer and crew of the extra. The five members of the crew, who were arrested shortly after the accident, are now being held to await the result of the official investigation. They are Harry H. Hildebrand, engineer; I. C. McClelland, fireman, F. F. Hoffmeir, conductor; Ralph Rutter, brakeman, and W. A. Norris, baggage master.

Gazing vacantly between the bars of his cell at the police station, Hildebraud is too full of emotion to make any definite statement. "It will all come out at the investigation," he said. "I don't believe that there is anything for me to say, and I could not say it if there was." Before he was arrested the engineer made a statement in which he declared that if the danger signal light was displayed at Takoma he failed to see it on account of the dense fog.

Milton W. Phillips, the operator, who is also held a prisoner, said that the equipment train ran past his danger signal at a speed of from 50 to 60 miles an hour. He says there was a heavy fog, but not enough to hide a red light. He declares that he immediately notified the operator at University station that the train had taken the block against orders. His statement is corroborated by the University operator, who says that he received the message. Policeman Kennedy, stationed at the Takoma park, will testify that he saw the signal light in its proper place and that Hildebrand drove past the signal. Fred Lenkum, gatekeeper at Takoma, makes a similar statement.

C. W. Galloway, general superintendent of transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio, exonerated the company from all blame, and put the responsibility on the engineer of the equipment train or the operator at Takoma park block.

Chairman Knapp of the interstate commerce commission says that the commission has considered the advisability of making a special investigation into the causes of the wreck. No decision has been reached, he says, as to when this investigation will be made.

J. W. Kelley, trainmaster of the Baltimore and Ohio for this division, declares that to locate the responsibility for the disaster at this time is an utter impossibility. "The police have all of the trainmen locked up," he explained, "and until we can get at them, ask questions and compare stories, it will be impossible to determine anything. Meanwhile I could not make a statement, simply because I have not the facts."

Murdered and Cut Up Woman

Ellsworth, Wis., Jan. 4.—Michael Lito, a member of an Italian railroad crew, who was recently convicted of the murder of John Isaac at Prescott, but who was discharged by the court, confessed here that he murdered Marie Labrizzi in New York in the night of May 27, 1902, and then cut up her body. The New York detectives have taken Lito back with them.

Will Be Senator Guggenheim

Denver, Jan. 1.—Simon Guggenheim's election as United States senator to succeed Thomas M. Patterson is assured by the action of the Republican members of the general assembly in caucus, when Guggenheim's candidacy was endorsed by a vote of 68 to 1.

Wide Investigation Promised

Albany, Jan. 4.—A sweeping investigation into the question as to the compliance with the new corrupt practices act by candidates and party committees concerned in the November election is promised by Attorney General Jackson, in a statement issued last night.

Crackman's Second Visit

New Haven, Jan. 4.—Robbers entered the office of the Monarch Laundry company, blew open the safe, broke into the cash register and secured about $200 in money, besides several packets of insurance papers and business records. The robbers entered through a rear window. This was the second visit within a year of expert cracksmen.

QUINCY A BANKRUPT

Noted Bay State Politician Is Unable to Pay His Debts

Boston, Jan. 4.—Ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy was yesterday declared bankrupt by M. F. Clarke, C. H. Wooster and George Warner, who hold notes against him aggregating $2700. To the petition filed by C. F. Eldredge asking the court to declare Quincy insolvent is attached a declaration in which Quincy admits that he is unable to meet his debts and is willing to be adjudged a bankrupt upon those grounds.

Josiah Quincy was for four years mayor of Boston and is at present a member of the Boston rapid transit commission. As rapid transit commissioner the city of Boston pays Quincy $5000.

The bankruptcy proceedings caused something of a stir in business and other circles, for Quincy is one of the most prominent men in Massachusetts. Under President Cleveland he was for six months first assistant secretary of state, he served four terms in the Massachusetts legislature, has been a Democratic candidate for governor, and until a few months since was serving as chairman of the Democratic state committee.

Engineers' Wages Raised

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 3.—The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has granted its freight engineers an increase of 10 cents a day and its passenger engineers an increase of 35 cents, while the wages of engineers of switching engines have also been increased. An agreement has been reached whereby New Haven engineers assigned to electric engines or multiple trains will draw the same wages as steam engineers unless it be found that they are making more than the present steam scale.

General Muzzling of Dogs

Boston, Jan. 3.—Full powers to muzzle all dogs in the state have been vested in Dr. Austin Peters, chief of the cattle bureau, by a vote of the executive council. Peters is authorized to have dogs muzzled where he deems it necessary to prevent the spread of rabies and in such cities and towns where the local authorities either refuse or neglect to take such action. The Boston board of aldermen have already passed an order for the muzzling of dogs in Boston.

Four Million Chinese Starving

Pekin, Jan. 1.—The famine in Anhui province, in the east of Honan and in the whole north of Kiang Su is worse than at any time during the last 40 years. It is estimated that 4,000,000 persons are starving. Tens of thousands are utterly destitute and are wandering over the country. The danger is increased by the activity of the secret societies, as the wanderers are gladly joining them in order to obtain rice. The authorities are unable to cope with the situation.

Gans Whips Herman

Tonopah, Nev., Jan. 2.—Joe Gans fought true to the belief of the betters. After playing with "Kid" Herman for eight rounds, he landed a full swing on the point of Herman's jaw and Gans retained the lightweight championship. It was apparent from the start that Herman had little chance of winning. Gans blocked his blows with ease, and at no time was he in the least worried.

Thirty-Five Killed In Wreck

Topeka, Jan. 3.—Thirty-five persons, all Mexicans but three, were killed, 65 persons were injured, and bodies of 30 Mexicans were incinerated in a head-on collision of two passenger trains of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad near Volland. The wreck occurred while both trains trains were running slowly on a curve in a cut where the grade was steep.

Damages In "Rush-Hour" Suit

Boston, Jan. 3.—The supreme court has decided that the Boston and Northern railroad is liable in damage suits brought by passengers injured in rush hour stampedes. Harriet Kuhler was hurt during a rush in the Scollay square subway and got a $2000 verdict from a jury. The railroad filed exceptions to the verdict and the supreme court overruled them.

Police Force of Nearly 9000 Men

New York, Jan. 4.—An increase of 1400 men, a radical reorganization of the detective bureau, which he describes as "seriously defective," and complete divorce of the police department from all election work, are among the recommendations made by Police Commissioner Bingham in his annual report. The department now has 8817 men available for active duty.

Serious Epidemic of Typhoid

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 4.—Scranton's typhoid fever epidemic shows a total of 970 cases since the outbreak six weeks ago. Thus far there have been 72 deaths, six of these occurring within 24 hours. The cause of the epidemic is the water which was furnished from the Elmhurst reservoir, an analysis of which shows the presence of the typhoid bacilli.

Over a Million Immigrants

New York, Jan. 4.—During the year 1906 1,198,434 persons arrived at New York from foreign ports. There were 119,231 first cabin, 134,286 second cabin and 944,917 steerage passengers. Of these, 13988 cabin and 920,813 steerage passengers were aliens, making the total number of immigrants arriving at this port for the year 1,058,831.

Removed From Office

Boston, Jan. 4.—Governor Guild has removed Francis A. Harris, M. D., from the office of medical examiner for Suffolk county for cause, namely, unfitness for and in the performance of the duties of the office.

New Steamship Organization

Portland, Me., Jan. 2.—The Consolidated Steamship Lines company, with an authorized capitalization of $60,000,000, was organized here to conduct a general steamship business. The company will control the steamship lines owned by Charles W. Morse. The par value of the stock is $100.

LAUNITZ' KILLING

Brought About With Great Ease and Simplicity

A VICTIM OF TERRORISTS

Slayer of Prefect of Police Ended Own Career After Portion of His Skull Had Been Cut Out With a Sabre—Others Marked

St. Petersburg, Jan. 4.—The police have not yet succeeded in identifying the terrorist who shot and killed Major General von der Launitz, prefect of police of St. Petersburg, in the church at the institute of Experimental Medicine yesterday afternoon, and who coolly turned his revolver against himself while he was falling under the sabres of the prefect's escort.

The authorship of this crime, however, like the recent assassination of Count Ignatieff and the unsuccessful attempt to blow up General Stolypin with a bomb, has been traced to the fighting organization of the Social Revolutionists, who recently resolved to resume full terroristic activity.

The organization last night issued the customary proclamation avowing and justifying the killing of Launitz, which was accomplished with an ease and simplicity that has struck terror into the hearts of all other officials on the revolutionary death list.

The man who committed the crime was about 22 years old and apparently belonged to the intelligent working class. The police affirm he was a Jew. He was provided with a card of admission to the dedication of the church, but this card bore no name. The authorities have not been able to learn how he obtained this invitation to the ceremony, which was purely select, only 150 invitations having been issued.

Prince Peter Alexandrovitch, Duke of Oldenburg, is a patron of the institute. Among the guests present were his wife, Grand Duchess Olga, youngest sister of Emperor Nicholas; Princess Eugenia Emilianova, and a number of other persons prominent at court.

The fact that von der Launitz was to attend the consecration of the church of the institute was not generally known, and the terrorists must have learned of this from sources within the police department. The prefect was accompanied to the church by his usual bodyguard of secret service men, but not one of these had the slightest suspicion of the murderer, although his toil-stained hands were completely out of harmony with his faultless evening clothes, a garb which everybody attending official ceremonies in Russia must don.

The fall of Launitz was followed by a scene of indescribable hysteria and confusion. The Duke of Oldenburg, who was one of the few men who retained their composure, seized the assassin's hand after he had fired twice, and succeeding shots were discharged into the ceiling. But before the duke could disarm him one of the officers who accompanied the prefect drew his sabre and struck the assassin a powerful blow which completely cut out a portion of his skull. As the man was falling he shot himself in the stomach with the last bullet in his revolver. His death was instantaneous, but several officers continued to hack frenziedly at his prostrate body until the Duke of Oldenburg struck up their swords and forced them to desist.

In addition to two persons arrested within the church, the doors of which were closed after the shooting, several others were taken into custody in a neighboring factory, which is believed to have served as headquarters for the terrorists.

It was during this time that von der Launitz was governor of Tamboy that there occurred the terrible repression of the agrarian disorders in Tamboy province, and it was in retribution for these repressions that Maria Siridonovo, the Russian Joan of Arc, shot Chief of Police Behenoffsky, one of the subordinates of von der Launitz.

Frye Satisfies Maine Folks

Augusta, Me., Jan. 3.—At the Republican joint caucus last night, William P. Frye of Lewiston was renominated for United States Senator by acclamation. At the joint Democratic caucus William M. Pennell of Brunswick was nominated for United States senator over William H. Newell of Lewiston by a vote of 34 to 23.

Alleged Poisoner of Children.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3.—Mrs. Bridget Carey, who was arrested on suspicion of poisoning her children, Mary, aged 8, and Annie, aged 6, was committed for trial by Coroner Jermon at an inquest held in the case. The finding of his coroner's jury was that the children died from arsenical poisoning.

Accused of Murder of Husband

Greenwich, Conn., Jan. 2.—Mrs. Catherine Nell, who is charged with the murder of her husband, Joseph Nell, who had a blacksmith shop here, was held without bail for the next term of the superior court, after a hearing in the local court. It is charged that the man was killed with a nail file.

Old Couple Reunited In Death.

Middletown, Conn., Jan. 3.—Mrs. Almira Newell died at her home here, aged 94 years. Mrs. Newell's husband, Charles A. Newell, died Dec. 26 last and up to that time Mr. and Mrs. Newell were the oldest married couple in the state, having been united 74 years ago.

Police Kill Twelve Dogs

Wakefield, Mass., Jan. 1.—Since the mad dog scare started in this town a week ago the local police have killed 12 canines which were bitten by the dog supposed to have had rabies. In some cases the police have had to persuade the owners to dispose of the animals, but the majority of them have asked that their dogs be shot.

DEATH AT A BANQUET

Former Mayor Stricken In Presence of Fellow Citizens

Boston, Jan. 4.—While attending a banquet to one of his successors at the Quincy house last night, former Mayor John B. Henderson of Everett was stricken with apoplexy and died within a few minutes.

Mr. Henderson, who was the chief executive of Everett in 1897, had been street commissioner of the city since 1900. At the banquet last night to Mayor Boynton, who will begin a third term next Monday, Henderson was the first to respond to a toast. As he was reciting an original poem he staggered and then dropped back into his chair. He was quickly carried to an anteroom, where he expired. The entire assembly remained silent in their seats until the announcement was made that Henderson was dead. Rev. C. E. Spencer of the First Methodist church of Everett offered a brief prayer and the exercises were immediately brought to a close.

Mr. Henderson was 57 years old. He had been prominently identified with the business and political life of the city for many years.

Sunday Workers In Court

Boston, Jan. 4.—It is unlawful for bakers to make bread Sunday night; hot rolls are not a Monday morning necessity. It is unlawful for the Boston Elevated railway to cart sand to its distributing points on the Sabbath, or to haul coal to its pockets from the coal piles; both are works which might be done on Saturday. It is lawful to clean the common and public garden on Sunday, but there is a doubt about working in the public library. These are the interpretations of Judge Duff upon which Police Commissioner O'Meara will base his instructions to the police concerning their cognizance of the law next Sunday.

Discontent Among Weavers

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 4.—According to the members of the Weavers' union executive committee there is much dissatisfaction among the weavers in some of the cotton mills over the recent advance in wages. In Hathaway mill No. 1 the weavers claim they have been forced to operate an extra loom and that many of them are unable to earn as much as they did before the recent advance of 7½ percent went into effect. The Dartmouth mill weavers report that changes made in the patterns have caused a falling off in wages.

Engine Fireman Disappeared

Providence, Jan. 4.—Shortly after the "Gilt Edge" express left Providence for New York last night the engineer discovered that Fireman Preston was missing from the cab. At the first station word was sent back to Providence and the train waited there until a substitute fireman was sent out from the city. After some search Preston was found wandering in a dazed condition a short distance outside the Providence yard. He said he fell accidentally from the cab.

Boston Must Return Tax Money

Boston, Jan. 4.—The supreme court has decided that a person living in another town cannot be taxed on the amount of business which he may conduct at his regular place of business. The decision was in the case of F. H. Prince, a stock broker in this city, but residing in Wenham, who paid $531 to the city of Boston under a protest. The court ordered the city to return the money, holding that Prince's business is taxable only in Wenham.

Petition to Crane

Boston, Jan. 4.—A petition signed by nearly 1000 negroes in this state has been sent to Senator Crane, urging him to co-operate with Senator Foraker in the effort to obtain a hearing for the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth infantry.

ECZEMA 15 YEARS WITHOUT RELIEF

Friend Recommended Cuticura—Uses Five Cakes Cuticura Soap and Two Boxes of Cuticura Ointment and is Entirely Cured—Feels Like New Man.

GLADLY RECOMMENDS CUTICURA TO ALL

"I have had eczema for over fifteen years, and have tried all sorts of remedies to relieve me, but without avail. I stated my case to one of my friends and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I bought them with the thought that they would be unsuccessful, as with the others But after using them for a few weeks I noticed to my surprise that the irritation and peeling of the skin gradually decreased, and finally, after using five cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment it disappeared entirely. I feel now like a new man, and I would gladly recommend these remedies to all who are afflicted with skin diseases. David Blum, Box A, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905."

Little Son Had Eczema

"My son when four years of age had eczema on his body and limbs and suffered badly. Cuticura Remedies were recommended to me and I gave the complete treatment a trial and at the end of the third month my son was cured. I cannot say too much in praise of Cuticura Remedies and am always ready to recommend them to others. Mrs. G. H. Conant, Box 811, Rockland, Mass., Dec. 14, 1905."

Helpless Infants cured of Torturing, Disfiguring Humors, Eczemas, Tetters, Rashes, Itchings and Irritations, owe more to Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment than to all other remedies combined. No others so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective. May be used from birth.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60, to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

"Mailed Free, "Treatise on the Skin and Blood."

BANK ACCOUNTS

Many people would like to keep an account of all their farm receipts and expenses if some one would keep it for them. Open a bank account and you will find the account keeps itself, with no expense. Your checks are always evidence of date and amount of all disbursements, and your deposit book shows the amount of your receipts.

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At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Breach of Contract Alleged

Boston, Jan. 4.—Vice President Loring of the Library Bureau Card Indexing company of this city has brought suit against President Davidson and Treasurer Parker for an alleged breach of contract and attached the property of the company to the amount of $350,000. Neither Loring nor his counsel will state the nature of the suit, while the two defendants are away from the city.

Deaf and Dumb For Third Time

Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 4.—James Wilson, Jr., has again been stricken deaf and dumb. About a month ago he lost the use of his faculties, but recovered. A few days later he again suffered a temporary lapse and now he is stricken with loss of speech and hearing for the third time. Wilson believes his malady is the result of an injury to one of his hands several months ago.

Poison on Non-Union Bread

Chicago, Jan. 3.—Four men, said to be members of the Bakers union, have been arrested on the charge of putting acid and iodoform on hundreds of loaves of bread from a bakery where a strike is on, distributed among Jewish residents. The police have confiscated many baskets of poisoned bread and are holding them for evidence. In the pockets of the four men arrested were found bottles of carbolic acid and packages of powdered iodoform.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

By the will of Mrs. Ella McManus, daughter of the late A. E. Burr of the Hartford Times, the sum of $101,000 is given for charitable and benevolent purposes, mostly in Hartford.

Merritt Disbrow, a farmer, aged 38, killed himself by hanging at Danbury, Conn. He was wanted by the police on a theft charge.

Henry D. Williams, head of the firm of Williams & Everett, the oldest art dealers in Boston, is dead. He was born in Boston in 1831 and was a graduate of Brown University.

The Winthrop avenue schoolhouse at Revere, Mass., containing 10 rooms, was destroyed by fire. The building cost $20,000. The fire caught in the basement from the heating apparatus.

Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, formerly a presiding elder of several districts of the Methodist Episcopal church and superintendent of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension society, died at his home at Brookline, Mass., aged 50.

In memory and in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Rev. Abraham Norwood, a bronze tablet presented by his daughter was unveiled at St. Paul's Universalist church, Meriden, Conn. "Father" Norwood was for many years one of the early missionaries of the Universalist church in Connecticut.

Spicy Belle

By CAMPBELL MACLEOD

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham.

Farnsworth, the hero of Mrs. Gilder's reception, was nowhere in sight. The lady in question was pulling her way through the crowded parlors in search of him.

It was half past 10 o'clock, and the reception was in full blast, but Farnsworth had suddenly disappeared. The hostess was asking if anybody had seen him.

Half an hour earlier the lion of the function had found himself alone. A debutante who lisped had reduced him to a state of cold perspiration. He had started recklessly down the hall. A door had stood invitingly open. He had walked in, hoping it gave on a porch. It had proved quite the most attractive spot he had seen since he had left the jungles of South America a month ago and had found himself famous as the author of a book on "Unknown Amazon Lands."

This room was green and cool. A bank of palms concealed a piano. Behind the piano was an open window. Here he could indulge in a cigarette. Good! As he scratched the match a faint exclamation of surprise from the far corner drew his attention in that direction. A young girl was observing him with calm amusement.

"I beg your pardon," he began, throwing away the cigarette. "I didn't mean to intrude."

"Don't mind me," she begged. "Were you running away?"

"I'm afraid so," guiltily and glancing furtively at her.

She was a very young person, almost a child. Her dress was faint pink, and she idly thrummed the banjo in her lap. He realized that she was exceedingly good to look upon.

"Won't you sit down?" she invited, motioning to the seat beside her.

"Why are you hiding here?" he demanded. "You aren't afraid of them, are you?"

"I'm not one of the guests," cheerfully. "I'm an entertainer. The time appointed for my stunt," holding up the banjo, "hasn't arrived yet."

"I see," reflectively. "But what are you doing here alone?"

"It was cool and unoccupied, and I slipped in, maybe for the same reason that you did."

"If I won't disturb your practicing, may I stay?" he surprised himself by asking. "My name is Farnsworth."

"Oh," she gasped, pointing to the door, "it's your reception, given for you. Of course you can't stay!" again pointing to the door.

"But I mean to stay," very determinedly. "I didn't catch your name."

The girl laughed deliciously.

"Spicy Belle Browning. What are you laughing at? Though people generally do laugh."

"It is rather a startling name," he admitted. "I don't think I ever heard it before."

"My old mammy named me. My mother died when I was born. The Spicy part was after the pinks in the garden. And we had an old cow named Belle—maybe that's where that part came from. Grandmother was too heartbroken to care what they called me."

She was tapping her pink shod foot to the strains of the distant music. "Let me see, you've been away, haven't you?" Her finger tapped her forehead in an effort to remember. "What was it you did?"

"Nothing of any consequence," he returned lightly. "Sing to me, won't you?"

The girl caressed the banjo with loving fingers.

"You'd like the old songs," she announced suddenly. "I don't sing them for many."

She began in a voice like red roses, too low to escape the walls of the tiny room, singing something about Juanita and waking from a dream too soon. "Be my own fair bride," the soft voice trailed—and stopped suddenly.

"Mrs. Gilder!" she gasped. "They don't know where I am! Maybe it's my turn!"

"I'll help you find her." He rose, and together they made their way down the long crowded hall. Mrs. Gilder fairly gobbled up the disappearing hero. She listened vaguely when he began his apologies and turned with a trifle more consideration to the girl who stood at his elbow. Farnsworth was more interested apparently in finding out when this young person's turn came than he had been in all the brilliant conversation fired at him during the earlier part of the evening.

"She'll have time to dance with me one time before she goes on, won't she?" he begged.

Until they reached the ballroom door he forgot that he hadn't danced in ten years.

"This is a beastly thing to thrust on you," he said. "I have not danced since—since you were an infant. You understand, it was my only chance to get you away from her. Did you ever try to talk small conversation to young ladies who lisped?"

Spicy Belle laughed.

"I mean young ladies—er—what do I mean—who are in society as—er—er—a profession?"

"It's not half as hard as trying to talk to young men who are in society as—er—profession," she mocked.

They had started to dance.

"You've been 'in' yourself?" he asked. "You can appreciate my misery."

"Yes," quietly, "I was 'in' two years ago myself. Then the money went. I've been working since and much happier." After a little pause. "You dance like a thistle, Mr. Farnsworth."

"You've made me forget my feet; that's all. I never danced with any ease before in my life."

"You aren't telling the truth," she accused softly.

"May I come to see you tomorrow morning?" he asked. "And when are you going home tonight? Yonder she's beckoning," indicating smiling Mrs. Gilder, who was shaking her fan at them.

Farnsworth never realized the true meaning of stage fright until he sat later beside the debutante daughter of his hostess, waiting for Spicy Belle to come on. A stage had been erected at the far end of the immense music room. But when she did come, as cool as when she sat beside him in the little green room, his courage returned. She twanged her banjo and tuned it as unconcernedly as if she were alone. The music now was very different from that she had played to him. It was solely love songs and quaint plantation melodies, odd dances and an occasional negro dirge. The bored society people were murmuring something about her talent. Farnsworth heard, as in a dream, the girl beside him babbling of the immense sums that had been offered Miss Browning to go on the vaudeville stage. That thought brought sudden and great consternation to his heart.

"Really, I can't say." His hostess drawled when he finally managed to place her daughter with "another and handsomer man," as he explained in leaving her—"I can't say where Miss Browning is. No, I don't know her address even. I have so many poor girls on my list. I try to help the most deserving"—

Farnsworth was gone. He had caught a glimpse of a tiny pink foot under a long gray cloak, the wearer being followed by an ancient negress and the two slipping out of a side door.

"Wait for me!" he called.

Spicy Belle laughed.

"I forgot to say," he fell in with her step. "Oh, I say, tell the old person back there," motioning to the duenna, "not to listen. It's this way. We've been pretty frank with each other this evening, haven't we? You see, I've been away from civilization so long it's rather awkward for me to try to learn the roundabout way people in the polite world make love. I'm not going to tell you about my love tonight," as the girl drew back frightened at his intensity. "You know I have a feeling that this is the last reception that either of us will ever attend."

Spicy Belle laughed.

"You've got no more business with them than I have." He indicated the brilliantly lighted house in the rear. "You were made for the big places, the silent places, the warm nights, heavy with the fragrance of flowers, that these people, with all their yellow gold, can't buy. You were born to sing love songs under the tropic stars. Wait a minute! Yes, you can. Send her on to the house if you don't want her to hear what I am saying to you. Listen; then you may go. I'll have to cut back there and show up to say good night. I'm going back to South America tomorrow, and you're going with me—to be my own fair bride, you hear? It's too cramped in the United States for a fellow that's outgrown civilization. You can't get your breath. I can't! Spicy Belle, Spicy Belle! That's a tropical name. Wait a minute, then I'll let you go. No, I'm not going to listen! You'd kiss me if I told you to, Spicy Belle, but I'm not going to tonight! I'll be here early in the morning, and morning means the early hours of the day, you understand that, Spicy Belle? We'll talk over the final arrangements then. Are you going of your own free will or are you going to force me to take you a la Sabine?"

"Why shouldn't I go?" came from the folds of the long cloak in which Spicy Belle had hidden her face. "I—I—I love you!"

Disclosed In a Dream.

Macalish in his book on sleep tells a story of a man who was sued for a debt, originally contracted in the lifetime of his father and, as the man thought, settled by him, but of such settlement he could find no trace among his papers. After searching a long time to no purpose he went to bed with the determination of giving up the fight and making the best compromise he could. He dreamed that his father came to him in his sleep and told him that he had paid the debt and that he would find the papers in the possession of a certain solicitor. His father added that he could remind the lawyer of the case by the incident that they could not get change for a Portuguese piece of money and had to drink it up in a tavern. The man awoke and went immediately to see the solicitor in question, whom he found an old man. At first he denied all remembrance of the case, but at mention of the Portuguese money the whole event came back to him, and after some trouble he found the papers that were needed, thus saving the man from heavy loss.

Slightly Mistaken.

The official in charge of the grounds at Mount Vernon not long ago came upon a woman kneeling before a building not far from the monument. She was bathed in tears. Thinking that the lady was in trouble, the director gently inquired whether he might be of service to her.

"No, thank you," sobbed the woman. "I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcame me when I first gazed upon the tomb of the Father of His Country."

"Pardon me, madam," said the director, with a smile, "but you have made a slight mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington, but his ice house."—New York Times.

Abuses in the Congo

New York, Dec. 26.—A letter signed by J. Pierpont Morgan, Dr. Lyman Abbott and other prominent citizens of this city has been addressed to Secretary of State Root, directing his attention to conditions in the Congo Free State, where, it is asserted, "flagrant inhumanity exists," and urging him on behalf of the American people to use the "moral support" of the United States government to correct the abuses.

Approval?

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression on his parishioners.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

CASTORIA.
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The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE SHORT LIVED DOG.

His Normal Length of Life But One-seventh That of Man.

Surely it is by an unfortunate dispensation of nature that the dog, beyond all question the chief friend of man among the other animals, should have a normal length of life which is no more, on a fair computation, than one-seventh of his own. There is no other figure which expresses the relative ages of man and his dog so well. The puppy of one year is about at the same canine age as the child of seven. At two years he is probably a little more advanced than a fourteen-year-old boy, but the canine age of three is very nearly equivalent to the human twenty-one. And so it continues through all the years of canine and of human prime respectively, the ratio fairly well preserved. It has to be admitted that the old age of the dog, thus computed, outlasts the old age of the man. One hears stories which seem to be fairly authentic of dogs living up to eighteen, and if we do hear stories of human beings living similarly up to 126, at least we do not believe them. But such an age for a dog is quite the extreme limit. The dog of ten years approaches the equivalent of the three score and ten which had been named as the fair end of the human creature's tether, and on the whole the multiplication of canine years by seven all through the stages of life gives the corresponding age of man better than any other figure gives it.—Westminster Gazette.

OLD LEATHER.

Uses to Which Discarded Boots and Shoes Are Put.

Old boots and shoes of leather are cut up into small pieces and then are put for two days into chloride of sulphur, the effect of which is to make the leather very hard and brittle.

When this is fully effected the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried and ground to powder. It is then mixed with some substance that will cause it to adhere together, such as shellac or other resinous material or even good glue, and a thick solution of strong gum.

It is afterward pressed into molds to form combs, buttons and a variety of other useful objects.

Prussiate of potash is also made out of old leather. It is heated with pearl ash and old iron hoops in a large pot. The nitrogen and carbon form cyanogen and then unite with the iron and potassium. The soluble portions are dissolved out and the resulting salt, added to one of each, produces the well known Prussian blue, either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment.—London Boot and Shoe Trades Journal.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Although Mr. Hobbs was taken at his face value by his son and heir, there were times when the youthful William's admiring tributes embarrassed his parent in the family group.

"I had quite an encounter as I came home tonight," the valorous Mr. Hobbs announced at the tea table. "Two men, slightly intoxicated, were having a quarrel on the corner. As usual, there was no policeman in sight, and they were in a fair way to knock each other's brains out when I stepped between and separated them."

"Weren't you afraid, father?" asked Mrs. Hobbs in a quivering voice.

"No, indeed! Why should I be?" inquired Mr. Hobbs, inflating his chest.

"I guess there isn't anybody could knock any brains out of my father!" said Willy proudly.—Youth's Companion.

Cock Crowers—An Extinct Trade.

"Cock crowers in the past got good pay," said an antiquary, "but theirs is an extinct business now. Cock crowers were employed by the rich in their town houses to crow the hour. They crowed only the rising hour for the most part, but during Lent they crowed everything—even the halves and quarters all night long. It was a kind of penance. These men were trained from childhood to crow. Sometimes in their childhood an operation was performed on their throats to give them a more cocklike delivery. An ancestor of mine on the maternal side was a famous cock crower in his day."—London Graphic.

Influence.

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

The Usual Way.

When a mother forbade her daughter social gayety on the ground that she "had seen the folly of such things," the daughter very reasonably answered that she wanted to see the folly of them too. That is the attitude of youth toward the warnings of age.—London Lady.

She Did.

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you was there any doddering idiot gone on you? Mrs. Misfit—There was one. Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him! Mrs. Misfit—I did.—Los Angeles News.

The Fall of a City.

The inhabitants of an industrial town seeking to abandon it in a body—a strange incident of modern times—is now to be witnessed in Spain. The town is that of Bejar, near Salamanca, whose people are using their utmost endeavors to have themselves distributed—men, women and children—among the South American republics. Bejar was once a flourishing town with a reputation for its cloth fabrics. Fifty years ago the population numbered 22,000, but the place has gradually declined and today has only 9,000.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Full Amount May Not Be Paid Even When Loss Is Complete.

In a fire insurance policy the sum insured merely marks the maximum liability accepted by the insurance company and determines the premium to be paid. It is not in any way admitted by the insurance office as a measure of the value of the property insured.

If I have a life policy for £5,000, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century, my heirs can, on proof of my death and their title, receive at least £5,000, possibly more if there are bonuses. If I have a ship and I insure her with marine insurance companies for £5,000, I can recover the full £5,000 at once should my ship be totally lost.

But if I insure my house against fire for £5,000 I cannot recover £5,000 unless I can prove the house to be worth fully that sum. All that I am entitled to demand is the actual value of my house immediately before it was burned, and I must give every assistance to the insurance company in order that the actual value may be justly determined.

By statute the insurance company has the power to reinstate that house, as far as the sum insured will go, instead of paying me anything. In practice, compensation is usually agreed and paid in cash without recourse on either side to the right of reinstatement, but in no case am I entitled to more than the actual value of my house as it existed just before the fire.

PATENTS ON INVENTIONS.

Must Be In the Names of the Actual Inventors.

The law provides for the granting of patents only to the actual inventor of the patented invention, and a patent granted in the name of any one else is invalid. For this reason it is essential that the application for patent be made in the name of the one whom the law regards as the inventor. In some factories it is the custom to patent every invention in the name of the president of the company. This frequently happens because the company has been built up on inventions made by the president or other officer, and as a matter of pride the president wishes to see all patents issued in his name.

This is a dangerous thing to do in the case of inventions which were conceived by the employee independently of the officer, such as inventions wholly worked out by employee without suggestion or assistance from the officer, for if in a suit brought under such patent it were shown that while the patent was granted in the name of the officer the invention was actually made by an employee the patent would be declared invalid, and usually a suit would not have reached such a stage until it was too late to go back and patent the invention in the name of the real inventor.—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

The Huguenots.

Here are two essays on the Huguenots by Chicago public school pupils:

"The Hugonots are people in France that are followers of Victor Hugo. Their leader is a man named Jean Valjean that was a thief, but got converted and turned out well. The Hugonots are very good people. A lady named Evangeline wrote a long poem about them, but it don't rhyme."

"The Huguenots is the name of a big thing like a steam roller that the mogul used in India to run over people. It squoshed them to death and was very terrible. It had eyes painted on it like a dragon and snorted steam when it was running. They are no huguenots emy more."

John Bright and Lord Manners.

In one of his speeches in the house of commons John Bright quoted in a spirit of banter and ridicule the well known lines written by Lord John Manners in his callow youth:

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Lord John, who was present, immediately got up and pulverized the great tribune by retorting, "I would rather be the foolish young man who wrote those lines than the malignant old man who quoted them."

Mozart.

Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of the art.

Dubious.

Slippler—Did Miss Knits admire your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Slippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Slippler—Well, that's praise. Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves In a Meadow."

Real Reform.

Dibbles—There goes Rhymer and his rich wife. She married him nearly a year ago to reform him. Scribbles—Did she succeed? Dibbles—Sure. He hasn't written a poem since they faced the parson together.—Chicago News.

Same Old Feeling.

Gladys—I feel sure he has never loved before. Penelope—Oh, I felt the same way, dear, when he used to make love to me!—New York Press.

Mexican Economy.

There is probably no more economically governed country in the world than Mexico. New York city spends more than a hundred million dollars, gold, a year for municipal government, while Mexico, a vast nation with several times as many people, an army and foreign relations, is governed for less than that amount in silver.—Modern Mexico.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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WHEN MACAULAY SPOKE.

Then Flowed a Torrent of Oratory and Euphony.

What can be the matter? Doors open, members rush out; members are tearing past you from all points in one direction—toward the house. Then wigs and gowns appear. They tell you with happy faces their committees have adjourned, and then come a third class, the gentlemen of the press, hilarious. Why, what's the matter? Matter! Macaulay is up. You join the runners in a moment. It was an announcement one hadn't heard for years, and the passing of the word "Macaulay's up" emptied committee rooms now as before it emptied clubs; the old voice, the old manners and the old style—glorious speaking; well prepared, carefully elaborated, confessedly essayish, but spoken with perfect art and consummate management, the grand conversation of a man of the world confiding his learning and his recollections and his logic to a party of gentlemen and just raising his voice enough to be heard through the room.

As the house filled he got prouder and more oratorical, and then he poured out his speech with rapidity, increasing after every sentence, till it became a torrent of the richest words, carrying his hearers with him into enthusiasm and yet not leaving them time to cheer. The great orator was trembling when he sat down. The excitement of a triumph overcame him, and he had scarcely the self possession to acknowledge the eager praises which were offered by the ministers and others in his neighborhood.—From Whitty's "Parliamentary Retrospect."

ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

The Flogging Custom and the Way It Is Regarded.

About corporal punishment in England two curious facts lie beyond dispute. One is that while the working class and the lower middle class dislike and resent it and will not in general allow their children to undergo it, the aristocracy tolerate it without complaint. The time is coming, one might assert paradoxically, when it will be impossible to flog anybody but the son of a peer. And the other fact is that public school boys have often felt a special affection for the masters who have punished them most.

In Westminster abbey stand side by side the tombs of a master and his pupil. The master was Dr. Busby, who was head master of Westminster school for so long a time as fifty-eight years. Nobody ever flogged so many boys as he. The pupil was the theologian, Dr. South. It is told—I am sure the story is true—that when South came as a small boy to Westminster Busby greeted him with the ominous words: "I see great talents in that sulky little boy, and my rod shall bring them out." If so, he was no doubt as good as his word. But when South lay upon his deathbed it was his last prayer to be buried at his old master's feet, and the master and the pupil now rest side by side.—Nineteenth Century.

West Indian Negroes.

The West Indian negro is a born poacher. He catches the quail by the cruel expedient of strewing finely powdered cayenne or bird pepper in the little dust pits where the birds "wash." The burning powder gets into the eyes of the birds, which, confused and helpless, are then easily caught. When he wants a wholesale supply of fish, he explodes a piece of dynamite, which was probably intended for the making of new government roads, over a hole in a mountain stream, and the fish are killed by the concussion. But his favorite resource is the bark of the dogwood tree. This he drops into a river hole, and the mullet, intoxicated, comes to the surface of the water. This singular property of the dogwood has caused it to be employed as a narcotic.—Pearson's.

Noted the Symptom.

A little girl went for the first time to church with her mother. All went well during the service, but the child grew uneasy during the sermon, which was a long one. The mother tried in every way to keep the little girl quiet, but in vain. Finally the child observed that the preacher had a pompous way of inflating his chest and lungs at a new paragraph or head. Just as the mother was assuring the child that the preacher would soon stop, he did—for another start—and the tired child burst out on her mother's assurance, "No, he won't; he's swelling up again."—Woman's National Daily.

Scandalous.

Mr. Moth—Glad to see you on your feet again, old man! What caused all the trouble?

His Neighbor—Why, I dined off a seemingly woolen overcoat, and it turned out to be the worst kind of shoddy. I tell you the extent to which food adulteration is carried on nowadays is nothing short of criminal.—Puck.

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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.
Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.
ON and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.01 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.09, 9.10 p. m. Reach 6.55, 8.50, 10.50 a. m., 12.50, 2.70, 3.55, 4.50, 6.50, 6.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 8.00, 9.00, 11.01 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.09, 9.10 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Taunton Division, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.10 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 8.10, 11.04 a. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.01 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.02, 5.09, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.27, 5.56 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.02, 5.09, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village and Taunton, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
Affleat from Fall River.
A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Supt.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.
Newport & Fall River Division.
TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sept. 20, 1906.
Newport, City Hall, Leave—6.10, 6.50, 7.50, 8.10, 8.50, 9.50, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10 m., 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Portsmouth car barn only.
Fall River, City Hall, Leave—5.15, 5.55, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50, a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10 p. m., for Stone Bridge and Tiverton only.

NEWPORT CITY CARS.
Change of time September 26, 1906.
Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—6.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.00 p. m. Sundays—8.30 a. m., then same as week days.
Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays—6.52 a. m., the same as week days.
Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.45 p. m., then for Cliff avenue only 6.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
Leave Beach or Frant Dr Street—7.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.00 p. m., then from Cliff avenue, 6.22 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.37 p. m., then 11.15 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
GEORGE F. SEIBEL, General Superintendent.
E. H. RICHARDS, Division Superintendent.

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SHORTEST LINE TO
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CHAS. L. LONGSDORF, N. E. P. A., 10 West Fifth Street, Boston.

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

Mayor E. Clay Timmons of Baltimore has officially announced that he will be a candidate for re-election next spring.

General Funston used to collect botanical specimens for the department of agriculture. He is an expert on the grasses of the northwest.

General Brugere, former minister of war of France, is expected to visit this country in the near future to make an inspection of American posts and study the organization and the methods of training the American sailor.

A. W. Converse of Windsor Locks, Vt., who has been postmaster there since 1868, except during the Cleveland term, is an enthusiastic collector and at one time owned 300 of the 600 Washington engravings as well as sixty-five "lives" of the Father of His Country.

A close friend of Senator Lodge is responsible for the statement that the Massachusetts statesman for years has received an income from his literary efforts far in excess of his salary as senator. He has written on more phases of American history than any other man in public life. His latest work is a book of essays.

Professor Edward S. Morse, the well known astronomer and author of "Mars and Its Mystery," is an authority on Japanese art as well as Martian canals as seen through Lowell's great telescope. He has been a professor in the Imperial university at Tokyo and is at present in charge of Japanese pottery at the Boston museum.

Henry Mitchell of Boston has been for forty years maker of the dies for the stamped envelopes issued by the government, with a brief intermission. At one time a change of administration resulted in his being relieved. But he was not out long—only a few months—for it was soon discovered that nobody but Mitchell could properly make the dies needed by the government.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor of guns and powder, does not nowadays look much the Maine Yankee he is. He impresses the beholder as being rather a fierce personage, white whiskered and his breast covered with decorations when special occasion calls for such display. For the last ten years and more Sir Hiram has devoted himself to attempts to solve the problem of aerial navigation.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

More than 450,000,000 picture postal cards were consigned to the mail in England during the past year.

Clogs are still much used in England, at least 4,000,000 pairs being sold in the northern counties every year.

The number of female money lenders in London is said to be rapidly increasing. They are all old women and are more grasping and merciless than men.

Dr. Horton, an English clergyman, would like to see Monday identified with Alfred the Great, Tuesday with Sir Philip Sidney, Wednesday with Nelson, Thursday with Sir Herbert Edwardes, the great Indian statesman; Friday with David Livingstone and Saturday with James Chalmers.

At the English royal castle of Sandringham it is customary to weigh every guest on his arrival as well as on his departure. The weight is carefully entered in a book, and the person weighed must sign his name. As the custom has been observed there for more than forty years, the book of signatures has obtained considerable dimensions.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

A New York man imagines he is a monkey, and quite a number of New York monkeys imagine they are men.—Florida Times-Union.

What to do with our ex-presidents is a puzzling problem, but what are we going to do with our ex-countesses?—Charleston News and Courier.

A pew in a New York church recently sold for $3,500. The next thing will be the listing of church pews on the New York Stock Exchange.—Atlanta Journal.

Santos-Dumont says the aeroplane before long will be the poor man's automobile. But it is obvious that the rich will still be able to fly higher.—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

If wealth does not bring respect, how does it happen that John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s Bible class orations are the only ones printed in the New York papers, and they are printed regularly?—Philadelphia Record.

SHORT STORIES.

A new brick house is, as a rule, far damper than a new stone building.

The Review of Reviews says Butte, Mont., is a flowerless, grassless, godless town.

All steerage passengers arriving in New York are not immigrants. There is a daily average of 275 citizens who return home that way.

Marines who hereafter qualify as expert riflemen will have an increase of pay of $3 per month, sharpshooters will get $2 and marksmen $1.

Dr. F. E. Daniel of Austin, Tex., at the recent tuberculosis congress in New York said that some churches were among the liveliest of disease breeders.

One Argentine ranch which Secretary Root's party visited during his tour in South America has 15,000 fine Durham cattle, 20,000 sheep and 8,000 brood mares. It contains over 26,000 acres.

Mrs. Willey — Does she know anything about bringing up children?

Mrs. Walley—Sure! She's a clubwoman and never had any.—Somerville Journal.

One of Many.

Mrs. Hoyle—Who is that man?

Mrs. Doyle—I don't remember his name, but he is one of the contributors to my alimony fund.—Pueblo Chieftain.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Two companies are now playing "The Man on the Box," Henry Dixey being the star of one and Max Figman of the other.

Nora O'Brien is playing the title role in "Sunday." Miss O'Brien made a hit in the leading feminine role in "The Heir to the Hoorah."

Annie Russell is making a brief tour of the cities of the country in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she has won success as Puck.

Cyril Scott, who is starring in "The Prince Chap," delivered a lecture in Pittsburg for women especially on "The Stage as a Profession."

Edgar Smith refers to "Twiddle-Twaddle," his stage creation for Joe Weber's company, as a "medley of mirth, melody and madness."

David Bispham is shortly to appear in a version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." He is to play the title role, and Isabel Joy will assume the role of Olivia.

"Tom Jones," an opera comique, by Howard German, will soon be produced at the Apollo theater, London. The opera, from Fielding's novel, will deal with portions of the classic story not yet used in dramatic form.

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

The French academy hopes to complete the letter "C" of the eighth edition of its dictionary by the end of next year. The edition was begun in 1877, so that at this rate the entire work will be finished in 250 years.

The Academie de Medecine will found an institute for the study of cancer. Baron Henri de Rothschild gave 100,000 francs. Other gifts swell the fund to 140,000 francs, and an appeal will be made to the public for more.

Paris has received a cargo of roots that are exactly like carrots, except that they are almost black outside and striped and mottled black when cut in sections. They grow freely in Algiers. They are declared to be better than red carrots.

A French expert objects to apples being packed in barrels. The fruit in the lower layers has to bear so great a weight that it becomes bruised. He suggests rectangular boxes, with three layers of apples, sheets of paper between each layer and about sixty pounds of fruit to the box.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Stoles and capes and ties of contrasting or harmonizing furs are worn with jackets of Persian lamb, pony skin, astrakhan or mink.

The seal of approval has certainly been set upon the wearing of fur for all occasions and in all possible ways. It is even seen on evening gowns.

Broadcloths are distinctly in the lead for cloth gowns and take preference over velvets, even for dressy wear, but they must be of the finest texture and the glossiest sheen.

Sleeves composed entirely of rows of narrow lace ruffles will remain in fashion as long as the vogue of the skeleton bodice lasts, and this promises to be throughout the winter, if not longer.

Fur trimmed hats are extremely smart, and most of them are rather small and in close shape. They are made up with feathers, lace and ribbon and are quite the dressiest sort of headgear, for afternoon wear, particularly with a fur coat or fur trimmed costume.—New York Post.

PITH AND POINT.

If you will be nothing, just wait to be somebody.

Poverty is the want of much, avarice the want of everything.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

No tyranny of circumstances can permanently imprison a determined will.

More men fail through ignorance of their strength than through knowledge of their weakness.

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

Man is not merely the architect of his own fortune, but he must also lay the bricks himself.—Success Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP.

Never let a friend know that you know he is deceiving you unless you want to lose him.

When a friend says to you, "Tell me my faults," if you have any sense and wish to keep his friendship you will reply, "You have none."

Some friendships from the start are as uncertain as that existing between one woman who owns a cat and another woman who owns a bird.

When a friend expresses a dislike for some one either agree with him or keep still. Don't be irritating by insisting that the other fellow has fine points.—Atchison Globe.

THE COOKBOOK.

Mix ginger cookies with cold coffee instead of water, as it improves them.

Before roasting pork score the skin with a knife. Baste constantly while roasting and serve with apple sauce.

The skin of baked potatoes should be broken as soon as they are removed from the oven. This permits the steam to escape and renders them dry and mealy.

Cranberries can be made very palatable with much less sugar by mixing them with about half their bulk of apples. Rub both cranberries and apples through a colander.

The Same Thing.

Pa Twaddles—Well, what's the matter now? Tommy Twaddles—Ma says I mustn't never say a word while she's in the room. Ma Twaddles—Why, no, I didn't, dear. I said you mustn't interrupt while I'm talking, Tommy.—What's the difference? — Cleveland Leader.

HUMOR

STORY WITH A MORAL.

Two Fleas That Didn't Know When to Let Well Enough Alone.

Two fleas were sitting on a dog who was wandering about the streets when one of them said: "Brother, what a degraded, half starved lot is ours. Here we have chosen to unite ourselves to a common street cur, who wanders from alley to alley. We see nothing but the most dismal sights. We hear no elevating conversation or delightful small talk. Surely there ought to be something better in store for us than this."

"You are right," said the second flea. "Look, my brother! Here is a carriage approaching. It is evidently some highborn lady bent on a charitable enterprise. In her lap sits such a beautiful little terrier. Let us therefore make an effort to better ourselves."

"Splendid!" said the first flea. "We will live amid the most luxurious surroundings. We will feed on the fat of the land. We will sleep at night in a clean bed."

And so in a few bold but successful jumps as the carriage stopped they both landed simultaneously on the back of the terrier. In a short time they were driven to their new home.

So delighted were they with their new life that the two fleas could scarcely contain themselves for joy.

Their manifestations, however, were so unusual that the terrier frantically scratched himself, which attracted the attention of his mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, who at once gave the dog such a radical treatment that the two fleas were slowly drowned in a horrible fluid that came like a flood and surprised them before they were able to get away.

"Alas, brother!" said the first flea as he gave a dying gasp. "Why could we not have been satisfied with our humble lot?"

Moral.—Some folks never know when to let well enough alone.—Life.

A Misunderstanding.

At the breakfast table in one of the mining towns the landlady gave Mr. Muggins a severe look and said:

"Mr. Muggins, I understand that you have been circulating injurious reports about my house."

"How, madam?"

"I understand that you said you had used better butter than I have here to grease wagons with."

"I did say so, madam, but not to injure your house. I have used better butter, madam, to grease wagons, but I wouldn't do it again. I'd sell it to you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Process of Elimination.

"What became of the four act play you were writing last summer?" they asked her at the high tea.

"I took it to a playwright," she replied, "who kept it four months, then gave it back to me, saying it was no earthly good as a four act play, but would make a very strong one act curtain raiser.

"I made a one act play of it and took it to a manager. I suppose he will give it back to me in another four months and tell me to cut it out altogether."—New York Press.

In One Braid.

"She has grown to be a very beautiful girl," said Jigley. "Her hair is positively golden."

"Indeed! That's odd," said Kidder. "I knew her when she was a little girl."

"Well?"

"Well, it was merely plaited then."—Philadelphia Press.

A Bitter Truth to Him.

"Bragg declares that his cook is one of the best in the country."

"Huh," snorted Subbubs. "that's not saying much! Whenever a really good cook gets into the country she chases back to the city the first chance she gets."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His One Try.

"Why have you and Charlie ceased to be friends?"

"He tried to kiss me."

"Pshaw! He's too nice a fellow to throw over for a little thing like that."

"He tried once and then quit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Disappointed.



"The reason you don't sympathize with me is that you have never been disappointed in love yourself."

"I haven't, eh? That's all you know. Why, I once advertised for a wife with a million dollars, and I never got a single reply."—Philadelphia Press.

His Judgment.

"Is Bliggins an epicure?"

"No. He is one of those people who judge of food by the way it sounds in the menu instead of by the way it tastes."—Washington Star.

All In the "Touch."

Church—To be successful a beggar should be like a popular pianist.

Gotham—I see. He should have a pleasing touch.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Justup—Let us go around to the De Rocks. They have just bought a Rembrandt for thousands of dollars.

Mrs. Justup—You don't say. Is it gasoline or steam, and what is the horse-power?—Chicago Daily News.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

FRITZ UND HIS POY.

Mine poy he is one liddle tease.
To him I dond get cross
Ven I must get down on mine knees
Und pe his rocking horse.

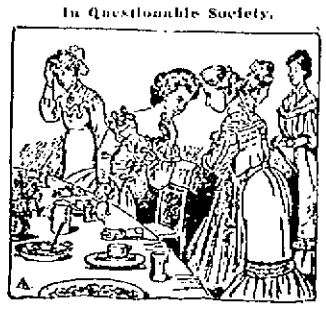
Und I dond said no angry vord
To gif his shmall heart pain
Ven I must stretch out on der floor
Und pe his railroad train.

Und ven I'm tired out mit vork
I nefer frown or skveal
Ven I must make some "honks" und "chugs"
Und pe his autobile.

Last night as ve sat home alone
He asked sootch foolish dings:
"Say, pop, ven you in heaven get
Vill you haf great big vings?"

I answered, "Ja," und den he said
(Tears from mine eyes flew),
"Den vill you be mine airship, pop,
Ven I come up to you?"
—F. P. Pitzer in New York Press.

In Questionable Society.



First Guest—This is a pretty cheap family. Just look how the napkins are patched and darned.

Second Guest—Yes, and besides that they borrowed them all from me.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

All Metal.

"Can I sell you a love story?" asked the aspiring young author in the editorial department of the big magazine.

"Possibly," replied the busy editor. "What kind of a heroine have you pictured?"

"Well, she is a girl with an iron will."

"Go on."

"And a heart of steel."

"Ah!"

"And sufficient brass to carry her through the world, and plenty of tin to buy a titled husband."

"Whew!"

"But when she riveted her eyes"—

"Hold on, young man. This is a magazine office. I think you had better try and sell that story in a hardware store."—Chicago News.

The Diplomat.

"You say you want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course you are aware that she has many faults?"

"No, sir."

"Her faults are countless. What do you say to that?"

"I've only to say, sir, that if her faults were as many as the sands of the sea they would be compensated for by a single one of her possessions."

"Ah! You mean her money?"

"I mean her frank and amiable father."

"She's yours, my boy."

Misunderstood.

"What are you doing now, Mose?"

"I'm in de doct'rin' business. I'm de undahstudy to de doctor himself."

"Good gracious! What are your duties?"

"I hold de hoss while de doctor gets busy."

"Oh, you're a coachman?"

"Nuffin' of de sort. 'Tain't dat kind o' horse. It's a horse an' a patient too."

"See here, what kind of doctor are you working for?"

"Why, he's a horse doctor, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Should Have Cut It.

"That old duffer was unexpectedly asked to speak at our class dinner, and he got up and talked for forty minutes."

"Do you think he had his speech all cut and dried?"

"Well, it may have been dried."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not Yet.

"Do you regard yourself as a reformer?" asked the friend.

"Not yet," answered Senator Sorghum, "but after people get tired of some of the new ideas I may come to the front and help reform them back to the old ways."—Washington Star.

The Easiest Way.

Editor—What is that Polish anarchist's name?

Reporter—It's Czolvdskiovitchpetrolfwidzhelmerskiovitch—

Editor—That's enough. Call him "P. Line" for short.—Judge.

Right In His Line.

"You're a judge at the horse show? What do you know about horses?"

"I'm a dealer in them."

"A dealer in horses?"

"Yes, clothes horses."—New York Life.

This Is Awful.

Gyer—My wife made a brilliant remark last night.

Myer—What was it?

Gyer—She told me to light the gas.—Chicago News.

A Modern Samson.

Possessed of Samsonlike strength, Albert Fisher of Quebec saved his life by a remarkable exhibition of his power. Fisher was employed at a stone crusher, and his duties consisted in feeding rocks into the huge machine. To aid this he stood on a platform just above the crusher. He had just dropped a fifty pound bowlder into the machine when his foot slipped and he fell headlong between the steel jaws.

No person was near to stop the engine. Bracing his shoulders against the steel crushers, which were slowly closing, the sturdy workman exerted all his great strength in one powerful effort. For a moment the machine stopped, then the massive sides drew apart, and finally there was a rending of the steel joints, and the crusher fell to pieces.—Philadelphia North American.

Brought Back.

The man looked around with a start. He fancied he heard the sound of footsteps in the little grove behind him. He listened intently. There was no repetition of the noise. His keen gray eyes resumed their watch of the long fish pole.

And while he fished his mind was busy. That he was wasting the best years of his life there was no question. Yet he did it voluntarily. He will nobly effaced himself. Of course there were moments of regret. But he lived them down, just as he had lived down the earlier desire to die and end it all.

For two years he had feared being found. Every stranger that had chanced that way he looked upon with suspicion. Gradually the feeling wore off. He hoped he was forgotten. He hoped they thought him dead.

When he let himself remember the past, which was on rare occasions, his thoughts turned first of all to the young wife whom he had disgraced. Their happiness had been brief indeed. It was a beautiful episode that seemed like a misty dream. No doubt she was well and happy—having forgotten him.

He laughed aloud. This was the life for him. He looked at his sinewy hands and the swell of his broad chest. He had come there a pale and nervous wreck. This was what outdoor life had done for him.

He started again. This time he heard the crackling of a twig across the creek. The noise might have been made by a squirrel or a rabbit. What a fool he was!

Yet for days he had seemed to know that he was being watched. What was the matter with him? Was he threatened with illness?

He raised the pole and drew in the line. His hands actually trembled.

Then he heard the noise again.

A child was standing on the bank opposite him. A child of perhaps five years; a chubby boy with a mass of wavy brown hair. The man rubbed his eyes. When he looked again the child was still there. It was the first child he had seen in nearly a half dozen years.

Whence had the child come? The nearest house, save his own cabin, was two miles away. The nearest settlement was ten miles beyond that.

"Hullo!" said the child. The man fancied it was the first time a child's voice had been heard in that quiet region.

"Hullo!" he answered.

"Fishin'?" called the child.

"Yes."

"Can I come over?"

The man hesitated. The friends of the boy might be in the immediate neighborhood. There was a highway beyond the ridge. He must have strayed from that direction.

There was the trunk of a tall tree lying from bank to bank. "Can you cross the bridge?" called the man as he pointed to the tree.

The boy laughed. "That's a funny bridge," he said. "Is it strong?"

"Yes. Are you afraid?"

"No," the boy stoutly answered, "I ain't afraid—only it's a funny bridge."

He took a half dozen steps and then paused above the deep current. The man on the bank watched him intently. He felt an almost savage delight in testing the little lad's courage. "You're not afraid?" he cried.

A smile lighted the childish features. "I'm coming," he cried

He took a step forward, his foot slipped on a knot, he tried to keep his balance—then he toppled over into the deep water and sank with a little gurgling cry.

The man on the bank gave a quick gasp. Then he splashed into the water. With five strokes he reached the boy and clambered with him on the log. His cabin was less than a mile away. He ran swiftly, with the child held closely to his breast.

He laid the boy on the rude couch and started a fire in the big fireplace. As the brush blazed up he swiftly, yet gently, stripped the lad of his clothes, wrapped him in blankets, and pushed the couch nearer the fire.

"How are you now, son?" he hoarsely asked, as he chafed the little wet hands.

The boy's dark eyes smiled up at him. "I'm all right," he answered.

"Not cold?"

"No. I ain't now. That's a fine fire."

The man continued to chafe the little hands. "You're a brave boy," he murmured.

"It's too bad I stubbed my toe," said the child. "You're very strong, ain't you?"

The man turned away and brought from a cupboard a cup. "Drink that," he said to the child. "You mustn't catch cold."

The boy winced a little as the mixture slipped down his throat. "That's pretty hot," he gasped. "And so's the fire."

The man pushed the couch back a little.

"You're quite sure you're all right?" he asked.

"I'm all right," the boy answered. "Is this where you live? Did you build it yourself?"

"Yes."

The child's gaze roamed around the cabin. "Is that your gun? Oh, my! You forgot your fish pole!"

"I will get it to-morrow."

The boy looked up at the man. "Do you live here all alone?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't any little boy?"

"No."

"You must be pretty lonesome. Can I eat up now?"

The man propped him up with his face to the blaze. Then he caught sight of the clothes. He found a cord and stretched it from a chair to the side of the fireplace, and hung the little garments, one by one, upon it. They were fine little garments, fine in texture and workmanship. No doubt a mother's loving hand had helped to shape them.

"You don't ask me what's my name or how old I am," said the boy.

The man looked around.

"We don't care for names out here in the woods," he said, "but I'd like to know how old you are."

"I'm past five," the child responded.

The man came a little closer. "Where are your people, son?" he asked.

"Do you mean my grandfather? I guess he's losted."

"How did you lose him?"

"We came a long ways in the cars. We had a little room all by ourselves. And then when we got somewheres my grandfather said, 'Let's take a ride,' and we took a ride in a carriage and pretty soon I got out to pick some flowers in the woods, and when I looked around I couldn't see my grandfather anywhere. So I guess he's losted."

"And what did you do?"

"I walked a little ways. I wasn't a bit afraid. And then I saw you a-fishin' over there, and—and I tumbled in the water and you ran home with me. Wasn't it all funny?"

The man looked thoughtful. This grandfather must be searching for the child. He would reach the cabin presently, no doubt. That couldn't be helped.

The man had no desire to meet any one from the outside world. He could take the child and set him down on the highway close to where he strayed away. He could wait there with him until the searchers came in sight. Then he could go.

No, he would enjoy the boy's society as long as he could. It was a treat he had not known for many years. What a splendid little fellow he was!

"I'm going to be hungry pretty soon," said the boy.

The man laughed.

"I was afraid of that," he said. "What do you generally eat?"

"I can eat anything," the boy replied. "You don't happen to have any milk, do you?"

"No. We don't happen to have any cow. But there is a neighbor who sends me butter once in a while, and I have a little on hand."

The boy laughed. "Ain't it funny," he said, "how it makes you hungry to talk about food? Don't you think you'd better make that soup pretty soon?"

The man laughed. Then he set about the preparation of the simple meal.

When the corn bread was taken from the ashes and the soup was almost ready to serve, he carefully felt of the little garments along the line and decided they were dry enough to be worn.

The dressing of the lad was a task. The child helped, as far as his skill would go, but it was evident that loving hands had directed the operation. The man's big fingers stumbled over the buttons and the hooks and the strings, and made mistakes to which the child delightfully called attention. And when it was found that a long stocking was on wrong side out, the hilarity of the little lad was quite infectious.

"If I had mamma here I'd like to live with you always," said the boy.

The man's face flushed. The child's words stirred his heart.

The boy studied the man's appearance.

"I think I'd like you better," he presently remarked, "if I could see your face real well. You've got so many short whiskers, you know."

The shadows of the late afternoon were falling, and the man remarked: "I'm going to be sleepy pretty soon, and so we'd better have a good game first."

The boy knew the games to play, and the man helped him play them. They romped about the cabin until the little lad was too tired and sleepy to play any more.

So the man helped him to undress and put him to bed on the couch.

The boy was awake bright and early, and staring about with wondering eyes.

"Do you know," he said, as he slipped from the couch, "that when I looked around everything seemed so strange that I was most homesick, but when I saw you I knew it was all right."

This time the dressing process was more quickly accomplished, and then the two friends sat down to the simple breakfast. And all the time the parting that soon must come weighed heavy on the man's lonely heart.

And lo! they had scarcely risen from the table when a rap resounded on the door.

"Come in," cried the man harshly.

The door opened and an elderly man appeared, a fine-looking elderly man, who bore himself very erect.

He smiled as he looked at the man and child. "Good morning, Richard," he said.

"Grandpa!" cried the child and ran to him and caught his hand.

The man stared from the new comer to the child and moistened his dry lips.

"You have come for me?" he hoarsely muttered.

"Come for you?" echoed the old man. "Wait. I think I understand what you mean. You believe yourself to be a defaulter. You are all wrong. You were ill at the time, you had worked too hard. You did not realize what you were doing. It was not a crime, it was a mistake. The money was soon recovered, the bank lost nothing, your good name still stands.

The man's voice trembled.

"And you have never sent for me?"

"Sent for you? No. We have searched for you in many places, and finally happened on this clew by the merest chance. Wait. I am wrong. You have been sent for. Ethel has sent your son to bring you home." He pushed the child forward as he spoke.

There were tears in the man's eyes as he fell upon his knees and put his arms about the boy. The boy softly stroked the man's hair.

"Don't cry," he said, "Don't cry."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Misfit, (savagely)—Before I married you, was there any doddering idiot gone on you?

Mrs. Misfit—There was one.

Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him!

Mrs. Misfit—I did.—Los Angeles News.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Some people insist on premium stamps with coffins.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

There are some women who still look like the fashion plate in Godey's.

You hardly realize that it is medicine when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

From the viewpoint of a sensible person imitation is the most disgusting form of flattery.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

If you want people to like you, don't know anything "on" them.

Fly friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Edward Bradaway gave his son-in-law, William Cooper Jr. 100 acres on Allawys Creek, Salem Co. N. J. William died in 1691, made his will March 28, 1691; mentions this land and 500 acres more he bought of John Test, (it was John Test and wife, who, in 1690, received letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Lippincott of Shrewsbury, who deceased intestate). William made his father, William Cooper, and his father-in-law Edward Bradaway executors. Witnesses Samuel Spicer and Henry Wood. Administration on his estate given his widow, Mary Cooper, August 20, 1691.

Henry Wood was brother-in-law to Daniel Cooper, learned from his will made Nov 14, 1694; mentions his mother Hannah Wood, and brothers James, Richard, Benjamin Wood, and sisters Judith Willard, who has sons Henry and Thomas Willard; Abigail Cooper who has son William Cooper; Hannah and Elizabeth Wood; brother-in-law Thomas Willard; mentions a plantation on Cooper's Creek, and a 100 acre lot, called the Great Tree. Executors, his mother, Samuel Spicer, Joseph Cooper and brother-in-law Daniel Cooper. Proved April 13, 1695.

William Cooper Jr; died in 1691 making his will March 28, 1691; mentions this land and 500 acres he bought of John Test, whose wife was Grace, who married John Bacon before estate of her first husband, John Test, was proved, as Test made his will July 21, 1706 and it was proved Jan. 20, 1709 and letters testamentary granted to John Bacon, who had married widow Grace Test, the executrix of the will. Test's children mentioned but not by name, and in will of John Bacon, made Dec. 8, 1715, of Cohansey, Salem Co. wife Grace is mentioned, and children John, Edmond, Job and Lucy, all under age.

Anne Test with Martha or Mathew Bacon had a legacy in will of Anthony Page, made Mch. 17, 1712, of, "a piese gold of six pounds ode money". Joseph Test witnessed will of John Hart Apr. 20, 1726; and Zachariah Test witnessed will of Samuel Lippincott with wife Ann, Aug. 29, 1721, and Edward Test witnessed will of James Daniell Mch. 14, 1726.

William (1) Bate (Bates), grandfather of children of Samuel (3) Lippincott and wife Abigail (Bate) came to Newton, Gloucester Co. N. J., where he made his will, Nov. 6, 1700, in which he mentions son Joseph (who married Mercy Clement, b. 1683, daughter of James (2) Clement), Gregory (1) Clement). James came to America with wife Jane, and went to Long Island in 1670, and Jane died, and James married (2) Sarah Field, daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Field; James died in 1724.

His children were; James(3)Clement, b. 1670; md. Sarah (Hinchman, dau. of John and Sarah, abovesaid); brothers and sisters of Sarah Hinchman were; John, Jane, Elizabeth, Lalista, Ann, Joseph, Jacob, James Hinchman, and another, name not known.

Sarah (3) Clement, b. 1672; md. William Hall of Salem Co. N. J. who made his will, Apl. 10, 1713; mentions children, Clement, Williams, Nathaniel all under age; daughter Sarah Brading (wife of Nathaniel Brading, learned from his will made Jan. 4, 1712—3, of Salem Town, N. J., merchant).

To be continued.

EASTMAN. The following may be of interest to those of this name;

Jonathan Eastman, born in Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 3, 1680; married Ap. 8, 1701, Hannah Green, born on the historic Dustin Hill in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 20, 1677.

Haverhill, Mass., was first settled in 1640, and was the thirtieth town within the limits of the state of Massachusetts. It was a frontier town for more than seventy years, and there were few New England towns that suffered so severely from the depredations of the Indians. Its early history is one long record of blood and misery. The early colonies suffered from six wars: first the Pequot war; second, King Philip's war; third, King William's war; fourth, Queen Anne's war; fifth, the three years, or Lovewell's war; sixth, the second French war.

Hannah Eastman's capture occurred during Queen Anne's war, which commenced in 1703, and ended in 1713. The foes with whom the colonists contended were the Indians and Canadian French.

At this period Jonathan Eastman and his young wife Hannah had made for themselves a home in Haverhill. He was the son of Thomas and Deborah (Curtis) Eastman, and grandson of Roger. Jonathan married Ap. 8, 1701, Hannah Green, daughter of Peter and Elizabeth Green. Their first child Thomas, was born Mar. 17, 1702, and died July 20, 1703. The second child was Abigail, born Feb. 1, 1704. Late in March, 1704, Jonathan removed with his wife to the fifth garrison (one of six built as a defence from the Indians), which was owned and commanded by Joseph Bradley. It was situated in the northerly part of the town, and has long since been torn down and no trace of it remains. In one of the upper chambers of this garrison, their little daughter, Abigail, was born Feb. 1, 1704. Eight days later, Jonathan left the place to attend to some necessary duties at their old home, intending to return before nightfall.

During the winter the settlers had grown secure and careless of danger, and the sentries were absent from their stations, and even the gates were open. Little did Jonathan think as he rode forth that he was watched by cruel eyes, far less did he think that he was never again to see his infant child, or that many weary months would pass before he again met his beloved wife. Why the Indians allowed Jonathan to escape will never be known. His powerful frame and commanding presence may have deterred them. However, they let him pass on, and waited until between three and four o'clock in the afternoon before attacking the garrison. They then cautiously approached, and finding the way clear they rushed through the open gates before they were discovered. Jonathan Johnson, a sentinel, who was standing inside the house, shot at and wounded one of them, but the savage, infuriated by the pain made the air ring with terrific yells as he pushed forward into the house. Johnson was killed, and others were made prisoners, only three persons escaping from the garrison. The infant child of Mrs. Eastman was killed before her eyes, and she was forced to go with her Indian captors.

The party hastily collected their prisoners and plunder, and commenced a retreat toward Canada. The captives were separated, some going one way and some another. Night was coming on, the weather was cold, and the snow was quite deep, the wind blew keenly over the hills, yet Mrs. Eastman was compelled to arise from her sick bed. Her captors were in a hurry, forcing her down the ladder, and with threatening words and gestures compelled her to go forward in her weary march toward Canada. They took her first to Ossipee Lake, where she remained till Spring, when they went on to the Ox Bow, in Newbury, Vt. Here they planted corn and remained until it was in the second hoeing, when they were visited by another party of Indians, who probably informed them that some scouting party was in search of them, for the next day they hastily packed up and left for Canada.

Pen cannot describe the tortures endured by Mrs. Eastman during this terrible journey. Weak and weary she dragged through the long days and the longer terrible nights. Often she tried to escape, but her captors guarded her so closely that she found no opportunity. The memory of that journey to Canada remained with her through life.

It was a deep, unbroken, and seemingly inexhaustible wilderness that daily grew between her and her beloved home and friends. Pathless mountains, swollen and almost impassable rivers lay behind and before her. No friendly smoke curled from the chimney of a white inhabitant, but she sometimes saw the red flames leaping heavenward—flames kindled by her savage captors, and telling the fearful story of other wrongs. When within a few miles of their destination, Mrs. Eastman was too exhausted to go on; she was left alone to spend the night in the wilderness. A kind squaw gave her a piece of punk-wood set on fire to make a smudge to ward of mosquitoes. Their poisonous bites had caused her face to swell so badly that the Indians called her "Fat Hannah." The next morning they sent a squaw to find her. The swelling had subsided, so as to show her extreme emaciation, and the squaw seeing her thus, pitifully exclaimed "Why Hannah."

To be continued.

ANSWERS.

6173. SHELDON—The children of Isaac and Susannah (Potter) Sheldon, as copied for me several years ago from a Sheldon genealogy are as follows: Thomas, 1703; Roger, 1710; Elizabeth, 1713 (married Francis Turner); Isaac, 1715; John, 1718; Susannah, 1720 (married——Reynolds); Joseph, 1722; Palmer, 1724; Benjamin, 1727; Sarah, 1735.—F. S. W.

6182. SHELDON—My notes give the following as the children of John and Herodias (Watson) Sheldon (no birth dates): John, married Sarah Sherman; Dorcas, married Jonathan Sherman, Jr., George; Samuel (married Susannah Sherman?); William, Elisha; (Elizabeth, in Vital Records of Rhode Island) Sarah. I have marriage of Benjamin Sherman and Freelove Austin, March 11, 1768, but it is probably an error.—F. S. W.

6205. WILKINSON—In reference to the parents of Mary Wilkinson, I would say that I find on Arnold's Vital Statistics that "William Browning of South Kingstown married Aug. 5, 1729, Mary Wilkinson, of W., by George Babcock, J. P." I am inclined to believe that his name was William, as I find on Book 3, page 3, of real estate records of South Kingstown that Stephen Champlin sold 100 acres, more or less, to William Wilkinson, Nov. 16, 1713; the said land was bounded east on William Browning. The property in question lies in the Green Hill or western part of the town. The two families were neighbors, consequently the courtship. I furthermore find in book 3, page 161, that William Wilkinson and Dinah his wife sold the above parcel of land to Jeffery Champlin, Sept. 6, 1715, thus the said Wilkinson owned the property about two years, and the marriage occurred 12 years after the transfer of the land.—J. W. P.

Middletown.

The November meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was held on Friday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Elisha C. Peckham. Owing to the death of the husband of the President, Mr. R. J. Grinnell, the meeting for November was omitted.

Rev. John B. Dimon is spending a portion of the holidays in New York and Rev. Lattu Griswold is guest of relatives in Princeton, N. J. During their absence, on Sunday next, the services at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will be conducted by Rev. Levi B. Edwards, of Providence, editor of the "Diocesan Record."

Mr. William Irish, who has been seriously ill since early in September, was able to be out for a short time last week.

Mrs. Eugene Stuttevant and family closed their cottage on Second Beach Road soon after the holidays and will spend the remainder of the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham expect to leave on Monday for a three months' trip South.

The postponed meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held Thursday evening at the town hall, when the annual election of officers which resulted in the following, took place:

Worthy Master—J. Overton Peckham.
Overseer—Elton W. Peckham.
Lecturer—Mrs. Edward J. Peckham.
Steward—Percy T. Bailey.
Assistant Steward—Albert C. Young.
Chaplain—N. Horace Peckham.
Treasurer—Henry C. Sherman.
Secretary—Lewis R. Manchester.
Gatekeeper—Elisha A. Peckham.
Ceres—Miss Grace C. Ward.
Flora—Miss May E. Peckham.
Pomona—Mrs Mary E. Manchester.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. George W. Smith.

Mr. James R. Chase was re-elected for three years on the Executive Committee.

Resolutions were adopted on the death of its former chorister, Mr. George E. Ward. On Thursday of next week the newly elected officers will be installed and there will be a collation. It is expected that Past Master Charles H. Ward will be the installing officer. Owing to the storm the attendance was somewhat light, about 30 members being present. Refreshments were served.

Jamestown.

Rev. F. R. Conant preached his farewell sermon Sunday evening at the Central Baptist Church. There was a large attendance.

Control of Immigration.

Congress is shortly going to take up the consideration of the constantly increasing stream of aliens that are flocking to our shores. The immigration bill, which House and Senate passed last session under the same title, but with a totally different text, will be considered soon by the conferees. Speaker Cannon and others are trying to have the measure completed by a compromise.

The bone of contention is the educational test, which Mr. Lodge had inserted in the Senate. This the House rejected. At that end of the capitol it is proposed to substitute for the Lodge provision one authorizing police control of immigrants at foreign ports, such as stationing physicians and inspectors there to determine who are qualified, under the laws, to migrate to the United States. Then the deportation of immigrants could be largely eliminated.

The constitutionality of such a provision has been raised, but neither the speaker nor others of the House leaders believe the objection a valid one. Commissioner of Immigration Sargent favors that kind of inspection, and will recommend it in a forthcoming report. He does not favor the educational clause.

If the bill is ever enacted into law it will probably be through compromise along these lines. The measures passed by Senate and House are so different that the conferees will virtually have the making of the law, but apart from the educational clause, the differences could be easily adjusted.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to the corporation styled "The St. Mary's Church in Newport," the double-house at No. 32 William street, with some 2500 square feet of land, adjoining the St. Mary's Schools. The sale is from Mrs. Mary Beattie, former owner of the property, which will give an entrance from William street to the school buildings of the corporation.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for James B. Gordon the upper half of his house, No. 251 Spring street, to Edwin Adamson, Ch. B. M., U. S. N.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the lower half of the two-tenement house, No. 37 Thames street, belonging to Philip Stevens, to Michael Currie.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third story window and you did nothing to restrain her?"

"Excuse me; I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed!"—H. Diavolo Rosa.

A Couch or Two.

Sounds queer, doesn't it? But it means just what it says. It's the cleverest device a Yankee ever invented. In its normal condition it is as comfortable a couch as you ever stretched out on, then if you've need for a bed you give it a pull, and lo! It's a full sized iron bed with National Spring Mattresses and all; if you'd like a couple of single beds, just give it a twist and there they are, for the wishing, and in a twinkling you have two separate couches if you like. Sounds like the Arabian Nights, doesn't it? Well, it's our patent couch bed and it sells itself to every person who looks at it. Have a look? Mattresses, pillows and all.

$12.75.

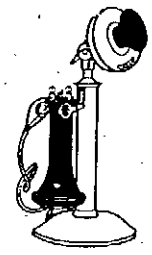
A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



If you sincerely wish your family a HAPPY NEW YEAR, give them the pleasures and advantages of a residence telephone.

THE RATES ARE REASONABLE.

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PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

Rhode Island Normal School

Spring Term begins Monday, January 28, at 9 o'clock a. m. Examinations for admission will occur Friday, Jan. 18, beginning at 9 a. m. Registration of students at Principal's office, Friday, January 25. High School graduates admitted to regular course of two and one-half years without examination; for course of two years, examination required. For catalogue or other information, apply to Walter E. Ranger, Secretary Trustees, Box 1492, or to Charles S. Chapin, Principal, Box 1485, Providence.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC.

CLERK'S OFFICE, SUPERIOR COURT.

WHEREAS there was filed in this office on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1906, an appeal of Charles Reeves et al. vs. James P. Lancaster, Executor, from a decree of the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, entered on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1906, upon which said appeal an order of notice has been entered:

Therefore, notice is hereby given to James P. Lancaster, Executor, and to all other persons interested in the matter of said appeal, to appear before our Superior Court at the Court House in Newport, on Monday, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said appeal should not be granted.

CHARLES E. HARVEY,
1-5 Clerk.

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., December 31, A. D. 1906.

LYDIA M. WARD, widow, and John H. Ward, son, have this day filed in this Office their petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that said Lydia M. Ward, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix on the estate of

GEORGE E. WARD,

late of said Middletown, who deceased, intestate. And said petitioners have applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of their said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said petition, that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of January next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
1-5-4w Probate Clerk.

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., December 31, A. D. 1906.

LYDIA M. WARD has this day filed in this Office her petition, in writing, to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, representing that there is occasion for the appointment of a Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter

ROWENA FOWLER WARD,

a minor under the age of fourteen years, and praying that she, said petitioner, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Guardian of the person and estate of said minor. And said petitioner has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of her said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said petition that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of January next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
1-5-4w Probate Clerk.

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., December 31, A. D. 1906.

HAZEL BRENTON WARD has this day filed in this office her petition, in writing, to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, representing that she is a minor above the age of fourteen years; that she has chosen her mother, Lydia M. Ward, to be the Guardian of her person and estate, and praying said Court to approve of her said choice and appoint her a Guardian accordingly. And said petitioner has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of her said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said petition that the same will be considered and acted upon, at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of January next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
1-5-3w Probate Clerk.

New England Commercial Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders will be held Tuesday, January 15th, 1907, at 3 o'clock p. m.

A semi-annual dividend will be paid to the stockholders on and after January 26, 1907.

N. UNDERWOOD,
December 21st, 1906—12-22 Cashier.

Woman's Relief Corps, Charles E. Lawton Post.

President—Ella S. Dunbar.
Senior Vice President—Alzada Sleeper.
Junior Vice President—Sarah Millington.
Secretary—Clara L. Lake.
Treasurer—Margaret Hamilton.
Conductor—Fannie Tallman.
Assistant Conductor—Sarah McIntosh.
Patriotic Instructor—Fannie Lawton.
Press Correspondent—Jennie C. Sisson.
Color Bearers—Phebe Scott, Ida McAuliffe, Ellan Dehano, Rosa Pike.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of Chapter 15 of an Ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport.

It is ordained by the City Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Section 21 of said Chapter 15 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Section 21. All permanent police officers having served twenty-five years upon said permanent police force, all permanent police officers who from injuries received in the service are rendered permanently unable to perform the duties of their office, shall be placed upon a roll to be known as the retired roll; provided however, that all permanent police officers who have served twenty-five years upon said permanent police force, and are physically qualified, may continue to perform active duty until disqualified by reason of inability to perform the same, or until such time when such officer shall request in writing to be placed upon said retired roll. And the City Treasurer on the first day of each month, shall pay from the said police relief fund established by this Ordinance, to each permanent police officer who has been placed upon said retired roll, a sum equivalent to one-half the rate of pay established for permanent police officers in active service, and in accordance with his rank at the date of his retirement.

Section 2. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed January 1, 1907.)

A true copy. Witness:

DAVID STEVENS,
1-5-3w City Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Catharine B. Holland, of the City and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, to Linda E. Woodward of Waverly, in the County of Middlesex, in the State of Massachusetts, dated September 11, 1902, and recorded in volume 39 of the Mortgages Land Evidences of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at pages 28 and 29 (breach in the condition of the said mortgage having been made and still existing) there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on MONDAY, January twenty-eight, 1907, at twelve o'clock, noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Catharine B. Holland had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey in or to all that certain lot or parcel of land in said city of Newport, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Easterly, by land of John Maher, 55 and 1-10 feet; Southerly, on land of the devisees of Edward King, deceased, 125 and 8-10 feet; Westerly, by land now or late of A. W. Alfred, 50 feet, and Northerly, by Connection street, 121 feet, be said measurements more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described; said property being all that was granted by said Mortgage Deed.

Said mortgagee hereby gives notice of her intention to bid on said property at said sale thereof. LUCIA E. WOODWARD,
Mortgagee.

Newport, R. I., January 2, 1907—1-5-4w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, October 29th, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 3,617, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court, January 18th, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, in favor of Henry A. Thorndike, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against William H. Hilliard, of Portsmouth, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William H. Hilliard, of Portsmouth, in said County, had on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1906, at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Portsmouth, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner thereof, adjoining land of Daniel O. Sullivan and the east line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, thence running easterly bounded northerly on land of Daniel O. Sullivan, 107.50 feet, to a corner; thence running southerly, bounding easterly on land of Annie D. R. Sullivan, 65 feet, for a corner; thence running westerly, bounding southerly on land of Ellen L. Hilliard, 105.50 feet, to a corner; thence running northerly, bounding westerly on land of said Railroad Company, 85 feet, to the point of beginning.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
1-5-4w Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four and one-half per cent. will be paid on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907.

1-5 H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. CLERK'S OFFICE, SUPERIOR COURT.

WHEREAS there was filed in this office on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1906, an appeal of Orlando F. Willis vs. Alton H. Mott, Administrator, from a decree of the Court of Probate of the Town of New Shoreham, entered on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1906, upon which said appeal an order of notice has been entered:

Therefore notice is hereby given to Alton H. Mott, Administrator, and to all other persons interested in the matter of said appeal, to appear before our Superior Court at the Court House in Newport, on Monday, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said appeal should not be granted.

CHARLES E. HARVEY,
12-22-2w Clerk.

Framed Pictures

We have a few framed pictures left over from the holidays which we will close out at a low price.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 16th, 1906.

Estate of William E. Sands.

WILLIAM C. SANDS, Guardian of the person and estate of William E. Sands, presents his account with the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
12-22-3w Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of LEMUEL A. BALL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HARRIET E. DODGE,
12-22-3w Administratrix.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, October 3d, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 2,683, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the third day of October, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court January 3d, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, in favor of Williams and Everett Company, a corporation of Boston, Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Walter D. J. Bullock, alias John Doe, of Little Compton, defendant, I have this day at 25 minutes past 4 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Walter D. J. Bullock, alias John Doe, of Little Compton, had on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1906, at 6 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Little Compton, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the Northeast corner thereof at Quicksand Pond, and running north 89 degrees 10' west, bounded north by land now or late of Job Tripp 316 and 8-10 feet to the County Road, thence turning and running south 1 degree 5 west along said road 1071 feet, to land now or late of Frederick Brownell, thence turning and running along the land of said Brownell, as follows, North 89 degrees 45' east 1153 and 5-10 feet, North 2 degrees 30', east 491 and 3-10 feet, South 81 degrees 25', east 657 and 2-10 feet, North 79 degrees 10', east 627 and 8-10 feet, South 80 degrees, east 406 and 5-10 feet, North 88 degrees 25', east 172 feet to said Quicksand Pond, thence running Northerly along the border of said Pond to point of beginning, containing a total area of 66 and 81-100 acres be the said measurements more or less or however bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
12-15-4w Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, October 29th, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 3,617, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court, January 18th, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, in favor of Henry A. Thorndike, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against William H. Hilliard, of Portsmouth, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William H. Hilliard, of Portsmouth, in said County, had on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1906, at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Portsmouth, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner thereof, adjoining land of Daniel O. Sullivan and the east line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, thence running easterly bounded northerly on land of Daniel O. Sullivan, 107.50 feet, to a corner; thence running southerly, bounding easterly on land of Annie D. R. Sullivan, 65 feet, for a corner; thence running westerly, bounding southerly on land of Ellen L. Hilliard, 105.50 feet, to a corner; thence running northerly, bounding westerly on land of said Railroad Company, 85 feet, to the point of beginning.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
1-5-4w Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, October 3d, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 2,683, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the third day of October, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court January 3d, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, in favor of Williams and Everett Company, a corporation of Boston, Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Walter D. J. Bullock, alias John Doe, of Little Compton, defendant, I have this day at 25 minutes past 4 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Walter D. J. Bullock, alias John Doe, of Little Compton, had on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1906, at 6 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Little Compton, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the Northeast corner thereof at Quicksand Pond, and running north 89 degrees 10' west, bounded north by land now or late of Job Tripp 316 and 8-10 feet to the County Road, thence turning and running south 1 degree 5 west along said road 1071 feet, to land now or late of Frederick Brownell, thence turning and running along the land of said Brownell, as follows, North 89 degrees 45' east 1153 and 5-10 feet, North 2 degrees 30', east 491 and 3-10 feet, South 81 degrees 25', east 657 and 2-10 feet, North 79 degrees 10', east 627 and 8-10 feet, South 80 degrees, east 406 and 5-10 feet, North 88 degrees 25', east 172 feet to said Quicksand Pond, thence running Northerly along the border of said Pond to point of beginning, containing a total area of 66 and 81-100 acres be the said measurements more or less or however bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
12-15-4w Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of Charles E. Littlefield.

ALMEDIA H. HALL, Guardian of the person and estate of Charles E. Littlefield, a person of full age, adjudged to be of unsound mind, presents her petition in writing, representing that said ward is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situate in said New Shoreham, being located in the southeast part thereof, in what was formerly School District No. 3, of said town, containing by estimation about twenty-one acres of land, be the same more or less, and comprising all of said ward's real estate that is located in said district and section, and praying for reasons therein stated, that she may be authorized and empowered to sell said ward's interests in the whole or any part of said Real Estate for the purpose of paying the debts of said ward, for the support of said ward, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
12-22-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of James E. Sprague.

JAMES E. SPRAGUE, 2d, Guardian of the person and estate of James E. Sprague, presents his account with the estate of his said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
12-22-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of Cora A. Payne.

REQUEST in writing is made by J. Elmer Payne, husband of Cora A. Payne, late of New Shoreham, deceased intestate, that he, said J. Elmer Payne, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
12-22-3w Clerk.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND, at the rate of 4 percent per annum, will be paid to the depositors of this bank, on and after January 15, 1907.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 13, 1906.—12-22

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of this bank, for the election of directors, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their banking rooms, 38 Washington square, Tuesday, January 8th, 1907, at 3 o'clock p. m.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
12-15 Cashier.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

DIVIDEND NO. 83.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of eight per cent. per annum will be paid to the stockholders of this bank, January 2d, 1907. GEORGE H. PROUD,
12-8 Cashier.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., December 17, A. D. 1906.

CHRISTOPHER F. BARKER, the Executor of the last will and testament of

HARRIET N. BARKER,

Widow, presents to this Court his second and final account with her estate, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of January next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
12-22-1w Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEW SHOREHAM, R. I., Dec. 22, 1906.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Edward G. Hall, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby give notice that they have accepted said trust and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WARREN A. HALL,
EDWARD HALL, } Executors,
12-22-3w

Men's Wool Combination

FELT BOOTS,

Duck Arctics

$2.75 Per Pair.

ALSO ALL KINDS OF

HEAVY RUBBER BOOTS,

SHOES AND ARCTICS.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.